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## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

### SIBERIA.

*Travels in Siberia, &c.* By Adolph Erman. 2 vols. 8vo. Longmans.

REVIEWERS generally are fond of parading themselves; then what will our readers say to a review without a single editorial comment? This book requires none; but oh, what wonderful self-denial, to abstain! In 1834, Sir R. Murchison presented one of the Royal Geographical Society's medals to the author, and compared him to Humboldt; and the preface here observes:

"In truth our author's narrative acquires new interest and value when placed by the side of that of his distinguished fellow-countryman, inasmuch as it presents to view a counterpart and indispensable supplement to the account of the equinoctial regions of America, in a philosophical survey of the coldest quarter of the earth, and of a portion of the Old World too, whence many a European nation may trace its origin. Nor do the inclement skies deprive his pictures of their charm. The author's intelligent sympathy with the natives enabled him in every instance fairly to appreciate their lot; to exhibit, in bright and lively colours, the life of the roaming Samoyede under the polar circle; and the opulence and comfort of the Yakuts in a climate which, at first view, seems hardly compatible with human existence. Then, again, what a curious and minute sketch does he offer of the Chinese in Maimachen, and of the anniversary banquet given by their chief to the Russian merchants."

"Much and various information will be found, also, in the following pages respecting the trade carried on from the frontiers of Siberia to Bokhara and Tashkend; the fisheries of the Obi; the mineral riches of the Ural and Nerchinsk; the fossil ivory in the valley of the Lena and New Siberia; and, in general, respecting the face of nature and the distribution of vegetable life throughout the northern half of the Old World."

"Of the important scientific matters here brought to light, it will be sufficient to point out the existence of a Siberian magnetic pole; the perpetual congelation of the ground to a great depth at Yakutsk; and the decrease of the atmospheric pressure, as indicated by the barometer, towards Okhotsk."

"This work is entitled, in the original, 'Travels round the Earth,' yet the portion of it hitherto published does not extend beyond Siberia, and it may be justly assumed that the author would not have left his narrative so long unfinished, if he were not sensible that what he had presented to the public was complete in itself, and lost none of its value by the suspension of his labours."

Transported to Siberia—land of exile and lamentation, but by no means so bad as it is often painted—we learn every thing about that vast province, and thence leap at once among the Bashkirs.

"There is no aboriginal Siberian tribe besides the Bashkirs of Perm and Orenburg, that now presents the interesting phenomenon of a mode of life regularly alternating from the nomadic to the fixed; every section of this community having a permanent village of wooden huts, on the borders of some wood, where they pass the winter. As soon as spring sets in, they betake themselves, with their horses and herds, to the plains. Each family has its tent-cloth of hair, which is rolled up and carried at a horseman's saddle. They rarely encamp quite separately, but unite into companies, and pitch their tents in military order. Their cattle wander where they will, and are only occasionally collected at their owners' dwellings. Horses are indispensable to the Bashkirs, who seem never to leave the saddle. Indefatigable and dexterous on horseback, they are indolent and indocile everywhere else."

"In the summer pastures the grass sometimes reaches to their saddle-girths, still the Bashkir never thinks of provision for the winter; the cattle must then sustain life on the stunted herbage that may appear through the snow, or on the remains of the summer fodder that rots on the dunghills. The only occupation of the men, in summer, is to drive the mares home to be milked; the management of every thing else is left to their wives. The foals are separated from the mares at an early age, and tethered near the tents, being never allowed to suck while the mares are feeding. The milk is received in leathern bottles with a narrow neck, and left to ferment; it then constitutes the favourite beverage of the Bashkirs. Russians, who have had opportunities of proving its qualities, extol it, not only for its flavour, but its wholesomeness: many prefer it to every other sort of diet; and invalids frequently have recourse to it, with the best effect upon their health. This remedial agent enjoys the same repute here, in cases of consumption and diseases of the skin, as it does among the Kirgis, according to the report of Sievers.\* The Kirgis, as we afterwards learned, attribute a peculiar efficacy, in those cases, to the richness of their mutton; and should this observation prove correct, the cures experienced among the Bashkirs, may be referred to their constant use of mutton. A kettle of it, cut into small pieces, hangs constantly over the fire, in their summer tents, and every visitor is presented with the favourite bishbarmak."

"Fishing also is not neglected by the Bashkirs: whatever they take is dried for winter provision."

"They are exceedingly successful in training hawks, a smaller species of which is used for taking hares, while the greater (*Falco chrysaëtes*) will strike foxes, and even wolves. They do not confine themselves, however, to rearing hawks for their own necessities or pastime; but carry on a profitable trade in them with the Kirgis, who are even more passionately devoted to this sport than themselves, and who are always eager to purchase trained birds from the mountaineers. The average price of a well-trained hawk is estimated at 50 roubles. \* \* \*

"The Russians themselves, accustomed as they are to the comforts of artificial society, are obliged to bear testimony to the enjoyments of the careless roving Bashkir life. Whoever has once known the charms of long and uncontrolled wandering on horseback through scenes of nature, will readily enter into the feelings of the Bashkirs obliged to return to their winter habitations. They approach them with reluctance, and believe that Shaitan, or the evil spirit, has taken up his abode in the huts that oppress them with such a sense of constraint. The men accordingly remain at some distance from the

settlement, and send the women forward, armed with staves, with which they strike the door of every hut, uttering loud imprecations; and it is not till they have made the rounds with their noisy exorcisms, that the men ride forward, at full speed, and with terrific shouts, to banish the dreaded demon from his lurking-place."

Onwards, by Tobolsk, and towards Bokhara, among the Kirgis—one of whom, says the author, "told us how, when he was a lad of sixteen—and boding no good—he was enticed by his father from the steppe to the Siberian frontiers, and was there handed over to some Russian merchants in discharge of a debt of 180 roubles. He travelled with his new master to Tomsk, and, being dismissed from thence, he entered immediately into the service of his present owner. The only tidings he had since received from his own home were, that his unnatural father had met with the punishment due to perjury, being killed by some Russians with whom he had quarrelled. Perhaps for the sake of the appearance of revenging himself on fate, the otherwise good-natured man related, with rare glee, how he, too, had renounced the children whom he had reared at Tobolsk from his marriage, and had given them into servitude to other Russians. Among the inhabitants of the steppes, the trade in the human being is ever a favourite business. Cases, however, like the present, which display an unnatural want of feeling in parents, are of rarer occurrence. Sometimes the eldest son, on the death of the father, gets rid in this way of his sisters, the support of whom devolves on him; the kidnapping of children is generally the work of families at variance, who thus take revenge on one another. The Kirgis who are so numerous in service in Western Siberia, and those in Bokhara and the other Khanates, have been all carried off in this way. Those Kirgis, in particular, who attend the merchants of Bokhara through the steppes, have quite a passion for kidnapping their neighbours' children; and, it is said, that in consequence, whenever a caravan in the steppe passes through an Aul, or inhabited place, the mothers, with the anxious bustle of cackling hens, drive their children together into a felt tent or Kibitka, and there guard them from their itinerant fellow-countrymen."

"When they deal thus with their own kin and kind, it may naturally be expected that they will show but little mercy to strangers who fall into their hands; and this supposition is confirmed by those Russians who have been carried off into the steppe, and have not been sold, as is generally their lot, to the inhabitants of the Khanates. Our Kirgis friend declared to me that he knew nothing of the custom, attested to me previously, and by most credible witnesses, as existing in the little horde, of knocking Russian prisoners dexterously on the head in such a way as to blunt their intellects, and so render them less capable of effecting their escape. But, on the other hand, he described, as an eye-witness, a cruel practice, usual in his own tribe, and having the same object in view. When they have caught a Russian, and wish to retain him in servitude, they cut a deep flesh wound in the sole of his foot, towards the heel, and insert some horsehair in it. There is then no doubt, that even when the wound is externally healed, he will abide for the rest of his life, by a leading rule of Kirgis national manners; for,

\* Pallas, Nord. Beiträge, vol. liii."

as the Kirgis is always on horseback from choice, so the maimed Russian becomes a confirmed equestrian from the pain of walking.

"We had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the extremely sensitive temperament of the Kirgis by observing the individual of that nation whom we met with at Tobolsk. They are not only prolix in discourse, but they are led by a peculiar loquacity into frequent monologues or poetical improvisations, and the Russians very faithfully describe this propensity of their neighbours by the playful saying: O'ni cho vidiat, to i brédiait, 'whatever they see gives birth to fancies.' But the passionate character of the Kirgis living in the Siberian towns is often manifested in violent deeds of revenge and fearful anger, and hence they are often to be seen in the oostrog, or prison in Tobolsk, along with the Russian convicts who are to be sent further east.

"The Kirgis may be distinguished from the Russians at first sight by the black hair, the dark sunburnt complexion, and small lively eyes between strongly projecting lids, and, indeed, by the whole cast of the countenance. They might be more easily confounded with the Tatars of Kasan, from whom they differ only in being less tall and well proportioned, and in having the gait peculiar to horsemen. If, in spite of the constancy of this external character, and of the most intimate connection between the Tatar and Kirgis languages, the Kirgis are to be reckoned, in the higher ethnography, as belonging to a certain fair-complexioned and blue-eyed race, from which sprang also only the German and Slavonian nations, it must be at least admitted, that the poor inhabitants of the steppes may at the present day be very aptly compared to an old knife with a new handle and a new blade."

Farther on, the Ostyaks: and perhaps some of our musical friends would like to try their voices on an Ostyak song, sung by a sledge-driver. We copy it; Alboni or Persiani may introduce it if they like, though perhaps the language may be more germane to the Swedish Nightingale.\*

"Inga lórun—váchyukh  
Pörtöppi kóna  
Stredfanne konshratel  
Yángsangtége el ponamar  
Shalefyanne podarite  
Ogelgai enkidite—  
Inga lórun váchyukh  
Khidton baorpídat (mishdeem ?)"

The Fish Trade on the Obi is described, and the snow shoes and dog-sledges, and the inhabitants clad, not in furs, but entirely in fish-skins!

"These skins are very strong and air-tight, and when well rubbed with fat, it is possible that, as bad conductors of heat and cold, they may not be inferior to furs. In snowy weather, however, when the cold is less intense, they offer more security from wet than the latter. The disease of the eyes already mentioned prevailed here also, and added to the sickly looks of the people. Yet I saw one of the worst looking of these pigmies give proof of unexpected vigour, for he strung and drew the six-foot bow with the greatest facility and effect. He held the plane of the bow somewhat inclined towards the left, and, at the first offer, he struck with a blunt arrow the stem of a larch about 160 feet distant, near its top, about sixty feet from the ground."

Of the beaver, the author tells:

"Two assertions, however, made respecting them, were new to me. One was, that among beavers, as with bees and men, there are distinctions of ranks; each chief keeping a number of labourers, the toils of which he oversees and directs, without taking part in them; and again, it was stated, that the contents of the castoreum bags depend on the moon."

Of banished men:

"Among the various tales circulated in Western Europe, respecting Siberia, may be reckoned the statement, that the exiles of this or some other

description are obliged to hunt the sable or other fur animals. But, in truth, it is only in the Uralian mines and those of Nerchinsk, and in certain manufactories, that persons condemned to forced labour are ever seen, and several of the rioters whom we saw here in Beresov had already served a year of punishment in Nerchinsk.\* All the rest, and the great majority of the Russian delinquents, are condemned only to settle abroad; and, if they belong to the labouring classes, to support themselves: yet with this consolation, that instead of being serfs as heretofore they become in all respects as free as the peasants of Western Europe. Political offenders, however, who belong, in Russia as elsewhere, generally to the upper classes, or those not used to manual labour, are allowed to settle only in the towns of Siberia, because the support allowed them by the government can thus reach them more easily.

"I have often heard Russians who were intelligent and reflecting men, mention as a paradox which hardly admits of an explanation, that the peasants condemned to become settlers, all without exception, and in a very short time, change their habits, and lead an exemplary life; yet it is certain that the sense of the benefit conferred on them by the gift of personal freedom is the sole cause of this conversion. Banishment subservient to colonisation, instead of close imprisonment, is, indeed, an excellent feature in the Russian code; and though the substitution of forced labour in mines for the punishment of death may be traced back to Grecian examples, yet the improving of the offender's condition by bestowing on him personal freedom, is an original as well as an admirable addition of a Russian legislator."

NEW NOVEL BY ZOE.

*The Half-Sisters.* A Tale. By Geraldine E. Jewsbury, Author of "Zoe." 2 vols. Chapman & Hall.

THE fair Author of "Zoe" again claims our notice with a vigorous though not so remarkable a production from a female hand. The tale of the "Half-Sisters" displays, like its precursor, very considerable intellectual powers, a shrewd observation of character, and a general talent, of more strength than refinement, and, indeed, wanting only some polish to its roughness to raise it much higher in the literary scale. The contrast is between two daughters of the same father; the eldest, illegitimate, by an Italian mother, and the youngest, legitimate, by an English dame belonging to the class of wealthy manufacturers. Both girls inherit natures of great sensibility and imaginativeness: one is reared in the lap of domestic comfort, and the other is thrown upon the wide world for sustenance. Thus are their hearts and minds developed: one, wealthy and worthily married, meets with much unhappiness, whilst the other enters a lowly theatrical corps, rides in the circus and enacts dumb heroines, till she perfects herself in the profession, and ultimately becomes the most popular and esteemed tragedian on the London boards. Her love inspirations are passionately told, though the first is unfortunate; and, we should fancy, rather too devoted to have been quite agreeable to the second, notwithstanding the rationale to explain it, which will be found at page 296 *et seq.* of the 2nd. volume. But, rather than quote from this portion of the work, and leaving the lady-writer to deal with first-loves in the philosophical or metaphysical manner she thinks best, instead of the more hackneyed mode of viewing them, we will go back to the

\* Exiles of this kind are called in Siberia, *katorshniki*, their punishment *katorshniki rabota* or *katorga*. No one there ever thinks of the derivation of this word, which is corrupted from *κατήρυον*, the name given to a galley by the Byzantine historians as well as by the Greeks on the Black Sea at the present day.

beginning and illustrate her powers and style in the description of the devotedness of the young Italian who, in time, became the parent of the heroine Bianca:

"Philip Helmsby, the father of both Alice and Bianca, was the son of an extensive iron master in the neighbourhood of Newcastle. When quite a young man, his father sent him to Genoa on business connected with the house, and whilst there, he became passionately enamoured of a beautiful Italian girl, the daughter of the friends in whose family he lived. He endeavoured to obtain her hand in marriage, but both families raised a storm of objections—his father would not hear of a Papist for a daughter-in-law, nor would her father consent to her marrying a heretic. Whilst the heads of each family were thus contending on points of orthodoxy, the young lovers took matters into their own hands. The girl, a passionate Italian, had loved the young Englishman before she saw any sign of its being returned, and she had wearied the Madonna with prayers that the heart of him she loved might become hers.

"Prayer is the great consolation of men in religion; but it is a mercy that the hearing and granting of it is placed in the hands of the Highest, and quite beyond man's control,—for who can look back on his past life without trembling, when he thinks on the mad and fatal petitions he has offered up, and reflects on what must have been his destiny had they been granted!

"The prayer of the young Italian was apparently heard,—for the one she loved declared his love for her, and in the wild, almost fearful, joy she felt, she made offerings at all the shrines of the Virgin in Genoa.

"When the opposition to which we have alluded was raised, she hesitated not, but gave herself to her lover without the sanction of either her parents or the church. She loved him with a passionate entireness which prevented her feeling any sense of shame or degradation—she fled from her home and joined her lover at Leghorn, whither his father's mandate had removed him. They lived together for about a year and a half, nobody taking much heed of them. She was a wild-hearted gifted creature, with all good qualities except *common sense*—the only virtue that in this world brings any sort of practical reward along with it. She lost sight of herself altogether, idolising him, and all that belonged to him—seeing nothing as it really happened to be, but every thing as it ought to have been.

"When a woman loves with an engrossing passion, and is by nature entirely ungifted with coquetry, it is ten chances to one but that in a very short time she becomes a great bore to the man on whom she bestows it. The *abandon* becomes in time an insupportable burden, for she throws herself on her lover with all the confiding weight of helplessness.

"The Italian was too much engrossed with her own affection to consider the appearance and becomingness of things;—the relations between men and women in this world will not stand too much reality being heaped upon them. A morbid love of power in the shape of cruelty lies at the bottom of every human heart: and when either a man or a woman is invested with absolute dominion over the happiness of another, that very instant, 'like tares sown by the Evil One,' comes the inclination to tyrannise.

"This young Italian had beauty, genius, generosity, and a whole mine of precious things in her character, not scientifically balanced, but poured out in lavish profusion on her English lover, whose slower nature seemed to provoke her to still more abounding love, in order to quicken him to her own intensity. She was utterly unconscious of the magnitude of all the sacrifices she had made, and lived on, enwrapped in a fiery element of love and devotedness.



"At the end of about eighteen months in father died, and he was recalled to England to settle the affairs of the partnership.

"The parting was vehement and passionate on both sides; he left her, promising to return in a few months and carry her to England to make her his wife—and he was quite in earnest at the time he promised; but, though he would not own it, yet in his secret heart he had begun somewhat to weary of this passionate love. He was an Englishman after all, and loved quietness.

"Arrived at home, all the complicated affairs of the partnership had to be gone into. The three months were of necessity lengthened into six—into twelve. The real work that now devolved upon him made his Italian life seem dreamy and childish;—and after all, getting money does seem to the natural man of more importance than love, however desperate. Several long journeys had to be taken, and his acquaintance with the Continental languages devolved them upon him.

"Love can only thrive in idleness, and he was overwhelmed with business from morning till night; whilst the skill necessary for carrying out extensive operations, the calculation, the foresight needed, and a large number of workmen to control, all contributed to blot out his Italian dream.

"Then, too, he felt the incongruity there was between the smoky dingy town in the neighbourhood of which he was obliged to reside—the stolid, hard, all-engrossed men amongst whom he was thrown; men with no idea of literature beyond a newspaper, or the monthly part of a novel, which they bought just as much because it seemed a good amount for their shilling as for the tale—and the beautiful country, elegant environs, and the lovely creature he had left behind. Whilst he shrank from inflicting such a lot upon her, he regretted that a mad passion and the facility of Italian life had seduced him into entailing such an embarrassing tie upon himself—then, too, she was a Catholic, a word of abomination as great as that of Socialist.

"The memory of his mistress became gradually divested of its most winning attributes; he began to fancy her a passionate, fantastic, wayward child, who would bring ridicule upon him; in short, he had already had as much love as one man can stand in a lifetime, and had begun to feel the charm of getting money."

In fine, their correspondence is broken off, he weds his partner's daughter, has a child named Alice, and dies when she is about 12 years old and Bianca 14. Two years after, the latter and her mother, now imbecile, come to England in search of the dead Helmsby, and the story is launched with their *début* almost penniless and in a dirty little inn in a provincial town. Bianca is driven by want to join Mr. Simpson's circus, and her various adventures proceed. Her introduction to the manager's wife is not bad:

"This is the young woman I spoke of, my dear, so highly recommended to my care by my distinguished friend Mr. Conrad Percy, when he was my guest at Newcastle.—Have you another cup of tea in the pot? I dare say it is some time since she had her breakfast."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Simpson, taking no notice of her husband's hint, "she is, is she? Well, you know best whether you are going to have a dumb girl in all your pieces, or else you must teach her to talk, for nobody can understand what she says—for my part I think you have made a foolish bargain. That Dupréz would have done very well, if you had only managed her; and you will find out your loss; but it is no business of mine."

"Mrs Simpson, who was one of the corps of female equestrians, was a tall well-formed woman, with a hard bold face, and a defying pair of black eyes; she had a slight toss with her head, and

she looked as if she could get up a storm at a moment's notice. Ever on the watch for the smallest slight, at the least provocation she would burst out in words as pelted as hailstones. She was fully impressed with the dignity of her position as manager's wife, and did not incline with any favour towards the striking-looking foreign damsel, whom her husband had picked up in a way she could not, or would not, understand."

Bianca's early sufferings are also feelingly touched:

"None of her faculties or feeling; had developed themselves when she left Italy; she seemed as closely shut up and unawakened, as a flower that is still imprisoned in its calyx, and has not yet shown a trace of its rich leaves to the sun; she had come to no sort of self-consciousness; and the constant attendance she was in upon her mother, the spectacle of her dejection and suffering, had damped all her youthful spirit and prevented her ever knowing the glee and joyousness which is the normal state of childhood. She was grave and still; it was almost painful to behold the unnatural thoughtfulness and prudence with which she attended on her mother, and kept their little household in order; it was the spectacle of rosy youth becoming colourless before its time by contact with the cares of life. She loved her mother intensely; and seeing her always sad, she had felt that all gaiety was out of sympathy—and children are capable of sympathy with those they love, to a degree never found either in lovers or friends in after life. With the natural egotism of sorrow, her mother had kept Bianca constantly with her, it was the only solace she had, and she was not aware how she was blanching the most brilliant and sunny portion of her daughter's days. Her own fine intellect, which had been a rich untilled field, became weaker and weaker, till, as we have seen, it ended in almost childishness. The shock that came on Bianca that fearful day beside her mother's bed, when the knowledge of her helplessness came in its full extent upon her, quenched the last spark of youth from her heart; henceforth, the burden and anxiety of providing for the passing day came upon her; she was face to face with destitution, and with nothing but her own hands to stave it off herself and her mother. A strong and indomitable resolution—an energy that would shrink from nothing, was then first roused; it was the strong bass note of her nature, the finer harmonies were not yet unloosed. She had no idea of vanity, or of getting admiration, or of displaying herself in any way; her sole idea of the circus was, that it was the means of earning a certain number of shillings, on which she might support her mother; it never occurred to her whether it was a mode of life she would like or dislike. She had only the fixed idea that she must do her best in all she had to do, in order that this mode of subsistence might not be closed against her."

Alice and her mother, at least the latter, are not too naturally portrayed. The match-making of the common-place woman for a child of 14, seems to us to smack of caricature.

As circumstances advance, we have a sketch, which may probably picture Manchester, where the author resides.

"Society in a prosperous commercial town, is a raw material not worked up into any social or conventional elegancies. Some of the very highest qualities are latent there, but lying quietly like gold in its native vein, not recognisable even when disinterred by those who are conversant only with it as it appears worked up by jewellers. Labour has never yet been made to look lovely, and those engaged in labour have nothing picturesque or engaging in their manners. Alice had nothing of a philosopher about her, and therefore saw nothing but that

which was obvious, and which jarred on her somewhat morbid fastidiousness. The men, engaged all day in business operations on a large scale, frequently with several hundred work-people to manage, were not likely to feel any interest in small refinements and elegancies for which there was no tangible use. Consequently female society went but for very little. To manage the house well, and to see that the dinner was punctual and well appointed; to be very quiet, and not talk nonsense, or rather to talk very little of anything; were the principal qualities desired in wives and daughters. Any attempt to show off, or attract attention by a display of graceful prettiness, would have called forth comments rather broad than deep. They were tired and harassed when they came home from business, and were in no mood for anything more exalted than to make themselves comfortable; their energies were all engrossed in one direction, namely, towards their business, which was the object 'first, last, midst, and without end' of their life; and they were not up to taking any trouble for the sake of society. The women being thus thrown chiefly amongst each other for companionship, had not a high tone of thought; for women never elevate each other, but fall into a fraternity of petty interests and trivial rivalries. They each extolled their own husband, and adopted all his opinions, only with less good sense and more exaggeration. The young ladies were pretty, trifling, useless beings, waiting their turn to be married, and in the meanwhile doing their worsted work, and their practising, and their visitings; and were on the whole nicely dressed, quiet, well-conducted young women, with as little enthusiasm as could well be desired."

Six years appear, not very clearly, to be skipped, and we have a trite dinner-party (the guests to which arrive after *ten o'clock*—page 73), but which seals the fate of Alice, "who returned home in a dreamy reverie. The stranger, with his cold passionless manner and kind quiet voice, and the new things she had heard that night, were mingled in her dreams, till she awoke with the fright of finding herself carried through the air over impassable mountains, and placed where no human being could approach her! She went down stairs the next morning, a new creature; the dull monotony of her life had received a quickening impulse; she had found an object on which all the pent-up passionate affection of her unoccupied dreaming heart might be poured forth;—it required but a touch for the lava torrent of her soul to burst out, and bear down all the small frozen barriers with which she had been surrounded. William Bryant became the hero of her desert! Her cheek was flushed, and her eye sparkled the next morning when she descended to breakfast. People must have been *ennuyé* within an inch of final suffocation, before they can know the blessing of something to interest their faculties."

A *Soirée* of the British Association follows; and, panting to meet her new friend again,

"Alice remained amongst the crowd of nicely-dressed young ladies, with bouquets in their hands and wreaths in their hair, each with a separate personal freight of hope, vanity, and importance, but all massed together in an undistinguished throng, like the points in a mosaic brooch. She had one hope, that Mr. Bryant would come and speak to them; and that was all the stake she had in the evening. But time wore on; and Alice, who had hitherto pertinaciously kept beside her mother, afraid to move, for fear of losing the one important moment, was at last obliged to leave her place."

Mr. Bryant, however, does single her out, and points out the *Savans*, &c., with sundry astute remarks on them and their provincial borer. A married sister of Bryant, whom he visits with his bride, a Mrs. Lauriston and her hus-

band, are ably but rather coarsely sketched. For example, their first gossip:

"It is so delightful to belong to one who is wiser than oneself," said Alice, "one has such a sense of safety."

"My sweet Alice! you are talking like a girl in love! You will never manage your husband if you let him think he is wiser than you are! You will make yourself a slave directly; and if once you put such a notion of your submissiveness into his head, you will never be able to eradicate it. Husbands are always quite ready enough to believe themselves wise."

"But," replied Alice, "surely one's husband is always one's best friend?"

"My dear Alice!" cries Mrs. Lauriston, with vivacity, "a man can never in any relation be really the friend of a woman, and there is no good in trying to make a friend out of any of them; the best of them will take advantage of whatever you say or do. A woman must never trust a man; she may seem to do so as much as she likes, but woe to her! the instant she really lets him see or know anything about her, except just as it suits her that it should be seen and known. Luckily, men always believe just what a woman tells them; they have no sense to see anything for themselves, and they understand nothing but what is made visible to them."

"But," said Alice, "surely to one's husband one may think aloud; of course a married woman would never dream of making a friend of any other man."

"Well, my dear, try it, and see the sort of life you will lead for your pains. My dear Alice, you have married my brother, and what I am saying is quite as much with a view to his happiness as to your own. I have been married a long time, and I give you this piece of experience, never tell your husband, in an impulse of confidence, anything which there is a chance he may not admire; if at the moment he happens to be in a good temper, he may seem to stand it pretty well, but depend upon it he will recollect it against you on the first access of ill-humour. Of course, I do not mean that you are to deceive your husband; I only mean to tell you, that as men only see things in the light they are put to them, you must be very careful always to present your facts on the right side. How should I live with Mr. Lauriston, who is reserved, suspicious, and miserly, to the last degree, unless I use great judgment with him? My brother is a different sort of man altogether; but if you pour out to him any of your romantic notions about love and friendship, it will make him think you childish, and he will never feel any respect for your judgment."

The results seem to verify these worldly and unsanctified tenets. A time has passed, and Alice's mother dies, and:

"After the first natural grief had subsided, a weight of depression fell on Alice, which no effort could shake off. Her husband was at this time necessarily much absent, and did not remark it; he was, besides, so much accustomed to his wife's 'faucifulness,' as he called it, that he had come to consider it as a tax, which he had to pay for her many excellent and charming qualities. He was essentially a practical matter-of-fact man, and had no conception of the morbid sinking of heart and deadly sadness which so easily beset imaginative temperaments, whose owners are not subject to the stern tonic of the necessity to work. Alice sank under the weight of a golden leisure, which she had not the energy adequately to employ. Worldly prosperity is a much greater drain upon our energies than the most severe adversity; there is no spring, no elasticity; it is like walking through life upon a Turkey carpet. Large and noble faculties are required to make a wise use of worldly prosperity; there is little stimulus in, and no excitement beyond, what the individual can furnish for himself; his days are

rounded with security, and softly cushioned against all the harsh realities of life."

Her sister's blush into love is equally promising, and ends in equal disappointment. She has received a gratifying letter from Conrad (her first flame), and:

"She went to the theatre that night fenced round with a deep sense of joy that no stranger could mar; she acted with the precious letter lying like a talisman on her heart—she looked almost superhumanly lovely. Her complexion suffused with a radiant glow that made rouge needless, and her lustrous eyes seemed to shine through a soft atmosphere of joy. It is certain that nothing makes a woman look so beautiful as the eternal consciousness that her love matters are going on happily; and, on the other hand, nothing brings worn, haggard looks so quickly as an annoyance from the one she loves."

Behold, a little while onward, when she is the most famed and successful of London performers:

"She went through the remainder of the play as if she had been inspired. He was present, and it was at his feet she was laying her success. She had worked for long years in the hope of making herself worthy of him before all the world. And this night was, to her, the dedication of herself and her work to him, for whom she had toiled. She rejoiced now, that he had not seen her whilst any doubt hung over her success; it was not an attempt she wished to offer to him, but an approved and perfected work. She had been stamped with public success, and now she felt greedy of applause, that she might have her triumph so much the more splendid to fling at his feet. She recollected that night at the circus, when he first witnessed her efforts; she was then only anxious about what he would think of her; but now she had become a finished artist; she knew her art, and was conscious of her own mastery over it; she did not now feel anxious for his praise or admiration for what she was doing, she only desired him to sit like a God above her, that she might lay her gifts upon his altar."

"When the curtain fell, she flew upstairs to her dressing-room; but her agitation was so violent, that she could hardly support herself whilst Margaret changed her dress. She trembled so much, that she nearly fell in attempting to descend the stairs."

"Good God! men suffer more on the threshold of a long desired happiness, than if they were entering a torture-chamber."

"At the stage door Conrad was standing negligently, and looking with a mixture of contempt and curiosity at all that was passing; his head was turned, and he did not perceive Bianca till she was close beside him. He saw she was agitated, and, without speaking a word, lifted her into the carriage, and followed her himself. He, too, was moved at the sight of one he had once so much loved; but he was not prepared for the passionate emotion with which Bianca, suffocated with sobs, flung herself on his breast. He was embarrassed, and almost frightened at the sight of such strong emotion; he had nothing within his own soul to meet it, and he was oppressed with it. Still he caressed her tenderly; but he felt awkward, and feared lest she should discover how much less fervent his feelings were than hers. But his vanity was soothed, and that enabled him to go through a scene which, on its own merits, was very wearisome. 'Half the men in London would envy me, if they saw me';—and this reflection gave a fictitious value to his position. When a man has once got over his passion for a woman, he finds her demonstrations of attachment very irksome; if they proceeded from the most indifferent woman in the world they would please him better, because there would be at least something open—he is not sure, beforehand, that she may not prove

the yet unseen queen of his soul: but a woman whom he has once passionately loved and forgotten, has neither hope nor mystery remaining for him; she is a discovered enigma. No matter what noble or precious qualities lie within her—he has explored them, and found they cannot enrich him; there is no more to hope, or expect, or discover. Bianca had just one chance of regaining Conrad, and but one, and that she flung away within the first hour of their meeting. Her position was so changed, her whole nature was so matured and developed, within the four years of their separation, that she was, in fact, a new creature. Had there been the least uncertainty, the least difficulty, the least appearance of indifference, Conrad might have been stimulated into a desire to regain his empire over this brilliant creature; but when she flung herself upon him, and let him see so clearly that she was still the same Bianca as of old, that same Bianca of whom he had become weary, and that her affection was as glowing and overpowering as ever, the faint spark was quenched which might have become a flame, and he felt something like displeasure at her, for being more constant than himself. However, he began to express all the admiration he felt for her acting, and to foretell all sorts of glories for her. 'You surpassed all my expectations, Bianca, and realised all that could be embodied in a dramatic Muse. What other actresses may have been in their generation I know not—but you make all who behold you very thankful that they live in this.'

"Oh!" cried Bianca, impatiently, "do not praise me, you—other people can say all they think about my genius, it is for you I have laboured—it is for you I have endeavoured to make myself of some value, to make myself worthy of you. Of what worth is my genius to me except that? Only tell me that you do not despise it, that you love me as you did when last we parted, that is all I care to know. The praise I get from others is for you to put your feet upon—it kills me to be praised by you."

But we have let the reader too much behind the scenes already, and will not trespass on the later secrets of the drama. It will be seen, that passion and reflectiveness are the leading features of the book, and that the characters are drawn from life, and well supported. The design, too, is of an original order, and with a few minor defects, such as the mixing of common-place phrases with highly-wrought pictures, and the abuse of French words to express what would have been better expressed in English, we can truly and cordially recommend the *Half-Sisters* to the whole Public.

#### RUSSIAN SKETCHES.

*The Russian Sketch-Book.* By Ivan Golovine, Author of "Russia under the Emperor Nicholas." 2 vols. Newby.

AN avowed and bitter enemy—a banished and revengeful man—the Author has been persevering and energetic in his writings to vilify the Emperor Nicholas, represent him as a merciless tyrant, and endeavour to stir up the sympathies of Europe in favour of a Russian or Polish party, which he represents as having a strong though secret existence in the former Empire, and among the exiles from, and discontented in, the latter dismembered Kingdom. Under such circumstances, a sense of justice must teach us to look with some degree of doubt upon the statements of M. Golovine, and especially when they reach such degrees of atrocity and infamy that it would pain human nature to believe them. But, at any rate, the *Literary Gazette* is relieved from the task of balancing the credible and the incredible, for the political and one-sided character of these writings excludes them from the field of our public observations. A specimen of their spirit may be gained from a single extract: "The secret records of the Russian police pre-



sent histories, with which the annals of no age or nation can offer a parallel.

"Amongst the documents discovered by the Poles in the archives of the Grand Duke Constantine, was the correspondence of Makrot, chief of the secret police. It furnishes the clearest proof that the Russian government shrunk from the perpetration of no act of baseness, to secure the triumph of an unworthy cause; that it fomented discontent, and rebellion, in order to crush the liberty, which it had originally fostered. These documents moreover show that female agents were employed by Makrot, who by lending themselves to effect liaisons between married ladies, and parties obnoxious to the Government, and subsequently denouncing the victims to their husbands, brought about duels between these persons to effect their ruin. These papers furnish the clue to the disappearance of many natives of Wolhynia and Lithuania, who were implicated in the plot of 1825, and conveyed to Warsaw for trial.

"The spot of their interment was pointed out by the grave-diggers of the army, and their bodies were found in position, verified by the faculty to be those of men buried alive; the greater number of whom had expired in the act of devouring their own flesh, to assuage their sufferings. Eye witnesses can testify to the existence at Kaluszyn, of a seraglio of young women torn from their families by General Rozniecki, under the threat of disgraceful proceedings, which he was about to institute against them. These girls were guarded by an old *gen d'arme*, and were kept for the amusement of the infirm General, the favorite of the Grand Duke.

"The Russians, unaccustomed to publicity, affect the utmost indignation against writings which expose the infamy of their country. They prefer being insulted by strangers, to hearing truths from the lips of their compatriots."

In our opinion, every fair and candid man, and every lover of truth, will feel with how much more than the *gratum salis*, they must take such stories as these. We are glad to be so shortly done with them; and farther, that we can really quote a description from this publication, and the only one we could select, which will entertain our readers as a genuine Russian, and what is more to our purpose, a literary sketch, and not poisoned by partizan politics and gross exaggerations. It possesses much novelty to us, is entitled "Mr. Zwétaieff," and here it is—the publisher, let us preface, is a Jew:

"Mr. Sonoff's business is flourishing; he is an exception to other booksellers and publishers in Russia, who are only rich in imagination, and live on in hope. The fact is, Mr. Sonoff follows a course unlike that pursued by the trade in general. He has no wish to be the publisher of authors of celebrity, and is quite indifferent to the honour of associating his name with that of illustrious men, destined to descend to posterity. In this particular, Mr. Sonoff is not quite so short-sighted as may be at first imagined: the result proves it,—a satisfactory result, which we express in the word capital. Judging from his own accumulations, and from the ill success which attends those who pursue a different course, we must conclude that it is ruinous in Russia to publish the works of literary celebrities: not that Mr. Sonoff is incapable of appreciating first-rate productions, or that he despises compositions of a high order; far from it, his respect for them is great; he buys them sometimes, and reads them always, but he considers them as addressed only to the elevated orders of society, and knows that their publications will not enable booksellers to profit, or even to live.

"Like a thorough man of business, he knows it is the demand for the article, that enriches the vendor, and that the most profitable trade in the world is done with the people.

"Such reasoning may be considered by some as narrow and selfish, and as resulting from cupidity; but there is, viewed in one light, at least, seeming patriotism in it.

"Mr. Sonoff knows how to gloss it over, by saying that it enlightens the mass of the population, to whose instruction he devotes himself, and the sum he receives from the people forms but a small indemnity for the glory he abandons to his brethren.

"He publishes alphabets and catechisms, but rarely grammars, for the Russian grammar is so difficult and so crabbed! and he considers that as the nobility do without it, it would be disrespectful in the peasantry to require it.

"He does not refuse to sell prints, but produces highly coloured subjects on the most ordinary occurrences.

"To the original Russian map of the world he is very partial; it is indeed a curious production, and merits a place in all museums and public libraries. The reader has probably never seen it, and it would be a puzzle to name the author. Like most useful and popular discoveries, the Russian Map of the world was doubtless invented by some unknown genius—some itinerant Homer. It favours the opinion of the primitive Russian peasant, who thinks that the earth, surrounded by water, reposes on a fish—an immense but invisible whale; the sea is represented by a large blue circle called the *Great Ocean*.

"A church is the symbol of Moscow, with the inscription—'the Orthodox Country.' France is a square, placed at will, and denominated 'a country rich in wines.' The boundaries of kingdoms and empires are curiously jumbled up; the Russian peasant holds geographical science very cheap.

"The burlesque and popular picture of the cat buried by the mice, can be procured at Mr. Sonoff's shop. These engravings are in great request, and are to be met with in every inn on the high roads and bye roads alongside of the portraits of Napoleon and Alexander, and the print of the entrance of the allies into Paris.

"But novels are the great source of profit to Mr. Sonoff; porters and footmen are his most numerous customers; a taste for reading descends in Russia, as it does in Paris, to the hall and to the lodges of the *deorniks*. Romances are generally in demand; and to supply the place of original works, few of which exist, translations adapted to the public taste occupy the first rank; next come the adventures of highwaymen; and then moral tales; especially those which describe the escape of young women from seduction. 'The histories of innocent and persecuted girls,' said Mr. Sonoff with the *bonhomie* of a shopkeeper, 'are much sought for, and we cannot have too many of that nature.'

"Mr. Sonoff does not sell his works by the individual copy, it is not sufficiently expeditious, nor by the weight, which would not be enough remunerative; he sells them by measure, by the *archine*, or by the *metre*, by the ell or fathom. Do you require some novels or select works? You can have them from left to right, or from right to left, in the Jewish, or in the Russian fashion.

"His travelling clerks explore the most distant provinces, and the pedlars, who are met with carrying enormous bags filled with books on their shoulders, are generally in his service. The fair of Nijni is the principal entrepôt; and he pours out by that channel the works which might otherwise stagnate in his shop.

"Sonoff is at no loss for authors, but he gives the preference to translators, because the works he selects are such, as have been already approved of by public opinion, and are calculated to guide and enlighten public taste. The love of progress in this respect gets the better of

his natural feelings; but he redeems this liberalism by his attention to morality.

"Among his translators Mr. Zwétaieff was the favourite. A delightful person was Mr. Zwétaieff when sober, which was about once in seven days; for his rule was to rest for six days and work upon the seventh, which made it difficult to Mr. Sonoff to get hold of him.

"Whenever he received a sum of money, no matter how large, he became invisible as long as it lasted; but the void in his pocket brought him back invariably to Mr. Sonoff, who, to prevent his escape, was accustomed to lock him up, and load him with work.

"Whenever Sonoff laid hands on Zwétaieff, he took care to place before him a ream of paper, and a quart bottle of brandy. Zwétaieff took off his boots to keep his head clear, and placed himself at the disposal of his patron.

"He wrote with a goose quill—but it was a flying one, and filled a quire of paper as expeditiously as he emptied a bottle of brandy.

"In the last operation it would have been difficult to find his equal in all the Russias; Poland, perhaps might have furnished a rival.

"He did not require a dictionary—he was a living one himself; he was never embarrassed by a phrase; the literary locomotive travelled mountains and valleys without once stumbling or repeating himself."

Other qualifications are described—he translates from the French and German, and "Thinking that a man who knows two languages is worth two men, and that he who knows three, is worth three men, he insisted on being remunerated in proportion, and Sonoff was in despair at the increased demands of the writer.—Formerly he had been satisfied with a *deougriwenoï* (eighty cents); then he insisted on a *polinnik* (two francs); and latterly he demanded a silver rouble, about four francs, whenever, after two days' labour, he deposited materials for a volume on Mr. Sonoff's table. In proportion as French ideas entered his brain, his throat acquired a partiality for French brandy, and he declared that what was manufactured in Russia under that name, was too vulgar for his palate. Sonoff protested long against this outrage to patriotism, but Zwétaieff insisted, and making it a *sine quâ non*, Sonoff was obliged to yield, and substitute Cognac for *Jeraphéitch*.

"Mr. Zwétaieff was a little man, and was married to a woman a head and shoulders taller than himself; she was constantly beating him, a custom very common in Russia, where wives generally have the upperhand, and nobly avenge their sex; she beat him when he came home the worse for liquor, when he returned after long absence, and could not give a satisfactory account of himself, when there was no money in the house; when he did not take care of his clothes; and still more frequently she beat him without any plausible reason, in anticipation of his future sins. Seeing that strength was on the side of his wife,—the husband had recourse to deception: he tried to stand straight when his legs refused to support him; to look steady, when his eyes were twinkling with the effects of wine; but these pretences did not escape the penetration of the wife. If she had the shadow of doubt, she drew him to her, made him breathe, and if she smelt wine, let fall a shower of blows to cure him of his expensive habits.

"He once wished to avenge himself, and that in the fashion usual with women who deceive their husbands: but her eye was ever alert, and having caught him in conversation with the daughter of a *Jartschik* she dragged him home by the hair of his head, and administered her ordinary medicine, in a dose to make him renounce all gallantry for the future."

His other adventures are not worth following,—at least, for our page and purpose; but the

liveliness of the sketch, and its characteristic points have, we hope, justified our favour in taking it from the mass of cruelties and oppression on which the author has exhausted his ingenuity, if not his invention.

#### TOOKE'S HISTORY OF PRICES.

*A History of Prices, and the State of the Circulation from 1839 to 1847 inclusive, &c. &c.* By Thomas Tooke, Esq., F.R.S. 8vo. Pp. 500. Longmans.

THE profound statistical and commercial knowledge of Mr. Tooke; his careful research and investigation; the soundness of his views, and the conclusiveness of his reasoning, render him so high an authority on all monetary and financial questions, that the mere announcement of a work like the above becomes a matter of national interest. And considering the space of time embraced in this volume, and the great measures born within that space, we truly consider it to possess even more importance than the author's preceding labours. The opinions of Messrs Fullarton, Mill, Wilson, and others, congenial to or slightly diverging from his own, are put forth by him in a very clear and logical manner; and his theory of the currency, in all its relations, which he justly observes has been caricatured by the modern school, is argued with great force and precision. The old axiom that figures cannot err, ought certainly to be voted an error; when we see such different and opposite hypotheses maintained on the same data. But without entering upon points and conclusions which require volumes to elucidate, and could not be touched even lightly within our compass, we may observe that it is no easy matter to grapple with, to overturn, Mr. Tooke's established principles or the deductions he has drawn from them. Looking to the future, we may briefly quote what some of these deductions are, in regard to articles of the greatest magnitude—corn and gold!

"If the potato disease should continue, although in a mitigated form, it will exercise more or less influence on the prices of corn by the extra consumption thus thrown on wheat and other bread-stuffs, and thus counteract, possibly for some time, the tendency to cheapness which may be anticipated from more propitious seasons, combined with the improved and extended cultivation to which recent high prices will have effected an inducement.

"If, however, barring the occurrence of such extraordinary visitations as occurred at the close of the last and in the early part of the present century, and in 1816, and more recently in 1816-7, I were called upon to hazard a conjecture as to the probable range of the prices of wheat, it would be to this effect:

"Assuming the weekly averages to be collected as at present, I should expect that the whole fluctuation would range between 60s. and 30s. per quarter.

"Taking the question of conjectural price in another point of view, it appears to me that there are the strongest grounds for believing that an average of about 45s. may be considered as a rate which will be consistent with keeping up and gradually extending cultivation in the United Kingdom, and at the same time admitting of such an importation of foreign corn as, with our own growth, will fully meet the wants of an increasing population.

"There is, however, one other consideration which must not be lost sight of in any view to future prices; and that is the value of gold. I believe that the circumstances operating upon the supply of gold, relatively to the demand for it in the markets of the world, have been for many years past such as to preserve it at a nearly constant value. At least there have been no indications, taking the ordinary tests, of any

material variation. But there are in prospect causes which may produce a considerable alteration. The most important of these is the extraordinary production of gold in Russia. In the *Appendix* will be found the latest account that I have been able to obtain of the quantity produced in that empire.

"If the produce should continue only to be annually what it has been in the last year, and still more if it should increase in anything like its recent rate of progression, while other sources of supply may be assumed to be not likely to fall off, there can hardly fail to be, ere long, a sensible change in the value of money, properly so termed—though not in the stock-exchange sense of the word.

"If the quantity of gold relatively to its uses should increase so as sensibly to affect its value while the production of silver should be comparatively stationary, the diminished value of gold will be perceived not only in an increased price of corn, and of labour, and of commodities generally, but in an increased price of silver, and our par of exchange will be reduced with foreign countries whose standard is silver. At the same time it is not unreasonable to contemplate the probability, on general grounds, of an increase of the production of silver from the American mines, which might keep pace with the increased produce of gold in Russia. In this case there might be no very perceptible difference in the relative value of the two metals, and our par of exchange with the states of the Continent of Europe would not be sensibly varied.

"As a mere instrument or medium of exchange, at the same time and in the same place, invariableness of value, though desirable, is not of so much importance; the immediate purpose of money in this capacity being to serve as a point, or rather a scale, of comparison more convenient than actual barter between any two commodities or sets of commodities. It is in the latter capacity, that is to say, as the subject of engagements or obligations for future payment, that in every view of justice and policy, the specific thing promised, in quantity and quality, should be paid at the expiration of the term.

"Thus the seller of a quantity of goods of any kind, on six months' credit, of the agreed value in gold, at the time of sale, of £46 14s. 6d., is, or ought to be, entitled to receive, at the expiration of the term, the specific quantity of gold coined into that sum: namely, one pound weight of a given fineness of the metal, which is the present standard. If he receives Bank notes instead of gold, it is because he prefers them for convenience.

"Or suppose a person to lay out £934 10s. in a loan on mortgage at 5 per cent. equal to £46 14s. 6d. per annum in half-yearly payments—the rationale of the transaction is, that having the command of twenty pounds' weight of gold, he lends it on the consideration of receiving, half-yearly, half a pound of gold, and also of receiving, at the expiration of the time, the quantity, twenty pounds' weight, which he had lent; unless he should prefer, as he probably would, Bank notes or a cheque on a banker, in either case equal in value to that quantity of gold, and more convenient to him, for otherwise he would have no motive for giving it the preference to gold.

"Both the seller and the buyer of the goods, and the lender and borrower on mortgage, are willing to take their chance of what the value of gold may be at the expiration of the term. It is true that gold may vary in value; but there is no other commodity, silver perhaps alone excepted, so little liable to vary. And there is, accordingly, no other commodity than gold, or silver, which it would suit both parties to look to for eventual payment."

We feel that it is almost absurd to consider this notice to be anything like a proper estimate

or example of the author; but the entire chain of facts, tables, and arguments, which runs through his work, puts it out of our power to trace the line; and we can only, therefore, exhibit a pickle of his corn, or a grain of his gold, and commend the abundant sacks of both to the universal consideration of a country deeply concerned in the development of his statements and ideas.

#### PLEASANT TOUR.

*Parson, Pen, and Pencil.*

[Second Notice: Conclusion.]

We have only to proceed with our review of this various and clever production.

The notices of outward appearances in and about Paris, are often in the writer's gossiping and playful manner, but when he treats of libraries, important institutions &c., deserving of more solid observation, he is able enough to set them with propriety and interest before his readers.—*Ex gr.*:

"What could a 'Confection de Mantilles et Manteaux en tout genre' denote? One often has heard from 'ladie lips' of a 'sweet bonnet,' 'a sweet Cachemire,' 'a delicious silk.' But, a confection of mantillas! *Que voulez vous donc!* Obligated to step in, and ask for interpretation. It means 'Ready-made mantillas, &c., sold here.' Here, then, the confectioner in dress, if it be permissible to dub the ready-made cloak-vendor with such a title, is of a grade below the tradesman who sells the raw materials. I only touch upon the word that I may record a pleasantry within my own knowledge of London mots:—

"Lady. 'How long has Mr. B. been a pastry-cook?'

"Shopman in Mr. B.'s 'firm.' 'Mr. B. is not a pastrycook, ma'am.'

"Lady. 'Not a pastrycook! Why, we have dealt here these five years for all sorts of confectionery!'

"Shopman. 'Yes, ma'am: Mr. B. is a confectioner.'

"Lady. 'What can be the difference?'

"Shopman. 'Oh! dear me, ma'am: everything! Just as much as between an attorney and a solicitor!'

"These are, as Osrick observes to Hamlet, 'most excellent differences.' But the French, too, are deeply fond of fine words. Decoration is their forte; and, indeed, they will hardly sell you a square of soap without its motto; or a cake of chocolate without some *petit roman*, or love-tale, enveloping the savoury lump. Their beautiful pictures and gilt-embossed card-boxes materially augment the sale of Bordeaux plums; and the most popular omnibuses, some years ago, were those which played by mechanism the favourite air of 'La dame blanche,' as they performed their course. I was standing one day at our hôtel lodge, and, all of a sudden, heard a trumpet sounded as beautifully as ever I had heard in the head-quarters of a large body of cavalry. I ran to the stairs to hasten the steps of my son, who was at that moment descending, saying he would probably see some of the French cavalry pass by. We hurried forth into the street, and almost overthrew the trumpeter—a dingy, dirty old fellow, who was hawking about lemonade and *eau sucrée* in a tin cylinder, covered with red velvet, at his back. It was a fair illustration of the piping times of peace, that cream of tartar and sugared water should succeed in making such a noise in the world. Any one would have imagined that a whole squadron of horse was at the gate. He would have proved a 'trump' indeed in my father's *cortège* of high shrievalty in 1825, to blow my lord judge into the court at Bedford; or to give him a long blast, by way of refreshment, on his coming out of the heat of it!

"The Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine is a noble thoroughfare; the Bishopsgate, or rather Aldgate

Street, old ac Paris either uni foot-pa been o every and th hours; berries odours. the con such w sewerag scaveng is now Indeed, of gas in the uni grade o byway as the French "The may sta all the killing detrim com-ter-hou the won contigu hundred nings, an was into the sun lated, a tempera there w hardy s off thro voirs o the dy where i or to th remaind main se assorted respectiv sausage- buyers, facturers craft in marvellou that all tered ox ezra m densely- dispersed- tering n character slaughter regret fo points of the mun tained." At the inspecting a droll ar "At le inner ap post-mort in the pr about nin tables, se sions had ensue in "The c vestibule, narrow st black, ne some of tiness, be



Street, of Paris. Here I found once more my old acquaintances the coffee roasters, who, since Paris has been newly paved, and *trottoirs* on either side of almost every street constructed for foot-passengers, have, by the police regulations, been *chassés* from their wonted stations outside every tenth door, nearly, in the capital. They and their apparatus were sadly in the way, at all hours; but the delicious fragrance of the toasted berries was an excellent set-off against other odours. As regards scents and effluvia, however, the *conseil de salubrité* has of late years wrought such wonderful reforms in respect of drainage, sewerage, ventilation, *arrosement* (watering), scavenger-work, and general cleansing, that Paris is now as free from noisome smells as London. Indeed, I should say that the continual escape of gas in our streets, (the French call it *gaz*), and the universal smoking of cigars, below a certain grade of the populace, render our highways and byways quite as fetid, every now and then, as the most densely-inhabited quarters of the French capital.

"Their slaughter-houses, for instance (that I may start with eulogium), *outside the city*, where all the revolting but indispensable processes of killing cattle are carried on without nuisance or detriment to the public, cannot be too highly commended. I visited one, the Abattoir (slaughter-house) de Grenelle, when I went to inspect the wonderful operations of the Artesian well contiguous to the premises. There were three hundred men engaged in the several compartments of the building; killing, cleaning, skinning, and cutting up. The heat of the weather was intense, the thermometer indicating 117° in the sun. In these lofty, spacious, well-ventilated, and well-irrigated halls of death, the temperature was moderated almost to coolness; there was very slight effluvia, and there was hardly a fly to be seen. The blood was carried off through immense drains into various reservoirs or receptacles, for subsequent removal to the dyers' houses and other establishments, where it forms a valuable chemical ingredient; or to the depôts of purchasers of manure. The remainder finds its way to the river through main sewers, and the garbage is systematically assorted (strange as it may sound) for the respective dealers in dogs'-meat, cats'-meat, sausage-skin preparers, bladder-vendors, hide-buyers, tanners, purveyors, glue and size manufacturers, horn-lantern makers, and every other craft in whose hands animal matter undergoes marvellous transformations. But the reflection, that all these fætid appurtenances of the slaughtered ox, sheep, calf, and hog, are thus kept *extra muros*, beyond human domiciles in a densely-populated city, and daily and hourly dispersed, and duly disposed of, without scattering nuisance and malaria of the foulest character, such as poisons the vicinity of every slaughter-house in London,—is, I affirm it with regret for our own needs, one of the highest points of civilisation and refinement to which the municipal powers of Paris have yet attained."

At the Hospital of Charity, Rue Jacob, after inspecting all its wards and management, we have a droll anecdote:

"At length, we entered the dead-house; the inner apartment of which is principally used for *post-mortem* examinations by the house-surgeons, in the presence of pupils. The body of a girl about nineteen years old was lying on one of the tables, sewed up in a cloth: the primary incisions had been made, and an *autopsis* was to ensue in the course of the afternoon."

"The outer chamber of this dead-house was a vestibule, in which were about seven stands or narrow stages, on which were deposited long, black, semi-cylindrical-covered litters, similar to some of the coffin-biers in which, on the continent, bodies are carried to the grave. At the

upper part of each of these long, round trunks, was an opening of about a foot square, through which, were a living man laid underneath, he could see above and about his head and shoulders. Alongside each was a bell-rope, with a stout iron-wire handle; the upper part of the string, or rope, being attached to a crank just under the ceiling. I inquired the cause of this very extraordinary provision for dead men and women. My attendant replied, that whenever a patient died, the body was brought down, and placed under one of these black covers, till arrangements were completed for the interment. Meanwhile, the bell-handle is introduced through the orifice above-mentioned, and the arm of the corpse is so arranged that the hand may rest on the chest or abdomen, with the said handle between the fingers! I could not help smiling at this elaborate provision against trance: 'And where,' said I, 'do these cranks overhead lead to?'

"To the nurse's apartments: that in case there be any one reviving in the dead room, the respiration individual may give a good tug, and bring down some one to the rescue."

"And have you had many bell-ringers?"

"No; not many. One case happened," said the dead-house lodge-keeper, since I came here. 'Some one upstairs heard a very violent ringing from this, the dead-room's bell-crank, and several came down in a pretty state of trepidation, you may be sure.'

"Well! and what did the dead-alive man say or do?"

"Ah! ma foi! Il n'a rien fait! Il n'a rien dit, même qu'il ait sonné bravement!"

"How so! give such a tug at his bell, and then have nothing to say to you all!"

"Oh! mon Dieu, non: Il était toujours bien mort! [He was dead enough all the time!]"

"On pressing this droll informant to reveal a mystery which we were half inclined to treat with contempt, he explained that it was in the case of a very stout man who had died of dropsy, and swelled very much; that in about eight or ten hours after death, the body collapsed, from a discharge of the animal gas, as he called it; and the stomach, or more properly speaking, the abdomen, sunk down so rapidly, that the hand shifted its position, drawing the bell-handle with it, and thus rang the call-bell most lustily."

"I suppose few travellers have heard a more comical tale told in a charnel-house than this recital of the ghostly bell-ringer. The appearance of the bell-pull at each coffin, or litter-head, is too full of the ridiculous not to provoke a smile. One feels disposed to recommend the nurses to lay a pair of trowsers and slippers, or petticoats, on a chair by each body; with a little snack of something comfortable (*eau de vie, par exemple*), to allay the 'dismal horror of the time,' in case of waking in a coffin-shell!"

"A similar provision for the 'dead-alive' is made in the hospital at Frankfort."

The butchers' shops are thus naively compared with those of London:

"The butchers' shops are respectable enough; but there is neither the fatted ox nor the well-fed, wholesomely pastured sheep, to produce the jolly sirlon of old England, or the elegant saddle and venison-like haunch we can command in a small post-town in our own favoured country. I saw some joints of mutton and veal very tidily displayed on clean white cloths in the shops; but few *hooks*, and, *par consequence*, few hanging legs or ribs to tempt healthy appetite, and constitute one plain substantial dish. The legs of veal were invariably cut out with the tail depending from them. As for the nobly proportioned fillet or rump, alike-bone, or brisket, conveying by turns the wholesomest reminiscence of cold round and cauliflower pickles, or hot marrow, dark gravy, and carrots, suet dumplings,

and other such trimmings to salted beef in its varied presentations, there was no spectacle of the kind."

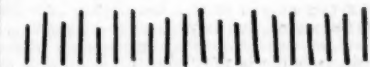
"The meat is disjointed uncomfortably, grotesquely shaped, and deplorably lean. The butchers have no more idea of the *outline*, even, of a genuine steak than they have of our Domesday Book. They cut a gibbous lump from any inferior fleshy part, somewhat akin to our 'clods and stickings,' give it a blow or two with the chopper, and entitle it a 'biftik.' It contracts its bulk on being placed in a frying-pan or grid-iron, by many a shifting, twisting movement, till its surface is indented, and full of little cavities, into which the infatuated cook pours oil, or butter melted into an oil, and a spoonful or two of shredded parsley;—and this 'horror' is served away hot, *selon les règles*, tough as a pelican's leg, greasy as a tallow-tub, *sans fat, sans gravy*, or Harvey sauce, *sans horseradish, sans shalot* or oysters, or any of those little relishing adjuncts, which, on our tables, requite the teeth for occasionally extra labour, and the outlay of ten pence on each pound of beefsteak."

"As for the fishmongers,—to say that there is not such a panorama (so to speak) of the finny species to be gazed at and admired in Paris, as Grove's display on the lead at half-past eleven A.M. at Charing Cross or Bond Street, would be invidious indeed. There is nothing approaching to even a sixth-rate fishmonger's shop of our metropolis. I now and then saw a few craw-fish (of which the French seem to be very fond), and some crabs, and also half-a-dozen lobsters and mussels; but there are no shops for scale fish."

But "It may be observed, *en passant*, that till the Dieppe and Paris Railway had been completed, Paris was very indifferently supplied with fish. The distance from the coast is considerable (one hundred and twenty miles), but the trains convey fish at present within six hours; and the quantity, though not proportionate to the population of the capital, is considerably greater than that which reached the markets previous to the formation of the line."

Everything relating to the National Guard being of much interest just now, we add the writer's remarks:

"Looked through the railings of the Caroussel, at the Tuileries palace, on the ten o'clock parade of the National Guard. One would suppose that, in a nation so military as the French, some pains would have been taken to maintain a certain standard of height, even in the companies of the burgher guard, or town fencibles, as we might term them. As the grenadier company marched by us, I could not help expressing my surprise at the intermixture of stature. Two stout ruddy citizens, with whiskers like blacking-brushes, each six feet one in height, marched with a little dapper fellow between them of about five feet six. The fourth man might have stood five feet eight and a half; the two next in line would have measured six feet; then came another five feet eight, flanked by two of six feet one. Accordingly, when these martial longs and shorts were drawn up in line, the effect of such discrepancies was most



disadvantageous. It reminded me of the asparagus beds in May when the heads are long or short-necked, according to their vegetative power. But the sergeants had not only disregarded the standard of height, but also left their 'merry, merry men' to stand at ease, wherever and whenever they might feel disposed to take the thing coolly. What would my old village school-master, Richard Sharpe, have said or done to even the third class of boys in the 'easy

lesson" division, had they ventured to halt, dress and stand, or rather straggle, in this free and easy style, in his august presence! And these sons of Mars stood just under the royal apartments.

"The uniform coat now worn in the National Guard is, according to my notions, very unimpeccable in appearance. It is in fact every inch bourgeois and pequin. My readers may probably recall to mind the long blue coats 'uniformly' adopted by our country labourers, as the Sunday or best coat; length being the principal consideration as to the fashion of the garb.

"Formerly the National Guard wore a small coat, and, during winter and night duty, a great coat over it. Now they have but this one, winter or summer, day or night.

"The pioneers of this force wear long, white, leather aprons, extending downward to the instep of the foot. As the musicians passed I remarked the peculiar make of the double drum; it was not above twenty inches deep. In the bands of our regiments I should say its depth (or length rather) was at least thirty-six.

"A military band was on parade, but we did not stay to hear any music. It is a deplorable way of witnessing any review of troops. The public are not admitted beyond the railing, and there is always (as in our country) a rabble crowd thronging the partition through the greater part of its extent, and commencing nimbly to the gentle sense every variety of flavour arising from pipes, cigars, brimstone, and onions, in the precincts of a palace where all should be redolent of ambergris and vanilla!"

We might multiply such quotations *ad infinitum*, interspersed with good literary and archaeological intelligence, and especially with valuable remarks on farming, and also with curious matters anent Tours and Rouen; but we trust we have done enough to introduce a most agreeable writer to the acquaintance of general readers, who find what we have stated, abundance of what is at once lively and instructive in his work. At Rouen he discovered that William the Conqueror could not write, but only make his mark of the cross + when fourteen years old. But we must not enter into new subjects however old, but commit our very pleasant Vicar to the cheerful hearts and book-rooms of his native land.

*The Hen-pecked Husband.* By the Author of "The M.P.'s Wife." 3 vols. Newby.

We cannot quote a page of this novel without injury to its interest; for the reflections are so justly and naturally interwoven with the story, that even their glimmering would detract from the gratification to be derived from reading it. Of its merits generally we unhesitatingly say that it is one of the best novels we have perused for a long while. There is a deep knowledge of human character in it, and an admirable tracing of momentous consequences to apparently trifling causes. In the beginning we see the seeds sown; as we proceed we witness their growing into the living forms which must spring from such germs; and in the end the harvest of weal or woe is gathered into a great moral granary, to edify and instruct the world. Here, as in another work of fiction noticed in this *Gazette*, the heroines are two sisters, but they are of the same mother, a widow, and a scheming manageress, whose business in life is to dispose of them well in marriage. Her manoeuvres and intrigues to effect this purpose—the contrast between the two, and between the husbands to whom they are united—the different courses of their fate as shaped by their different dispositions and conduct—the results on the wide circle of relatives and friends with whom they are surrounded and connected; and, in short, the vivid history of their social sphere, are all drawn with a force and truthfulness which bespeak a mind of no

common order either of observation or reflection on what has been observed. It is no unmerited compliment to affirm that "The Hen-pecked Husband" may be fitly placed by the side of "Jane Eyre," in the library shelves which rejoice in productions of the class. Nothing can be more individual and distinct than the characters—the mean plotting mother on "her small means," Mrs. Dering; the good easy old lady, Mrs. Chetewode; her eccentric sister, Mrs. Bellingham, and her companion, Miss Vere, of whom we should have liked to hear more; the handsome and Circe-bound Sydenham; the subdued husband, Mark Chetewode; the stronger-minded and less pliant Keating; the rascally foreign valet and courier, Victor; and all the parts of less importance, are faithfully copied from reality and dramatically engaged throughout this stirring and able performance. That no one may, through us, lose the interest to which we have alluded, and of which it is full, we again only say it is one of the best productions of its class, and will satisfy every reader.

[N.B. We advise them for "step-daughter," at page 3, vol. 1, to read "daughter: the mistake puzzled us for some time.]

*Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp; or, a Campaign in Calabria.* By James Grant, Esq., Author of the "Romance of War." 3 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.

THE "Romance of War" was well received;—a reward justly due to its character as a work of amusing popular reading. On newer ground, viz. Calabria, the author is no less successful, and his varied literary mosaic will be found equally calculated to while away the vacant hours. There are, indeed, colours and patterns for every taste—adventures in war and in love, legends, anecdotes, personal notices, and public events, conspire to fill up the design; and above all, the incidental sketches of scenery and manners impart a living interest to the varying narrative, and give it such an air of verisimilitude that it is no easy matter to separate the real from the invented. As no extracts, however, of any one of the principal features in the composition could afford any idea of the rest, we will content ourselves with referring to the whole, and stating that there seems to be a dish for every palate—for those who delight in battles and deeds of arms—for those who love love affairs, the abduction of nuns, or the *bonnes fortunes* of soldiers—for those to whom brigands and their enterprises are agreeable—for those who would like to trace some of the present state of Naples,—its government and politics to the date of Maida and its glories and the expulsion of the French—and, in short, for the general reader who wishes for an interesting book to take up with, and lay down at, pleasure.

*Fremasonry. A Sermon preached by the Rev. J. O. Dakyne, M.A., before the Grand Lodge, &c., of Staffordshire.* Bro. Spencer.

THE Preacher is an excellent Clergyman and a truly benevolent Mason, and these qualifications shine forth in this discourse, originally delivered in Lincolnshire, and already printed; but well deserving the call for a new edition. Added to the rich collection of Masonic works at Brother Spencer's, we warmly recommend to the craft a look at these productions, which set the humane and golden principles of Masonry in so favourable and so just a light.

*The Plebeian, and other Tales.* By E. H. White. Strange.

Do not reach above the very common-place. "Wellington (says the writer) may be a hero; Blucher may have been a brave and talented officer; but for your true soldier, give me Napoleon,—give me the general who won the hearts of his men, even while leading them on to death." So be it; there is no accounting for tastes.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ALDEHYDE: AN ANÆSTHETIC AGENT.

ALDEHYDE is stated by M. Poggiale to possess the same anæsthetic properties as sulphuric ether and chloroform. Inhaling it is promptly followed by the most complete insensibility. Its stupefying action is quicker and more energetic than that of ether or chloroform. It has been tried on several dogs; in about 45 seconds insensibility was perfect. The eyes were fixed, the muscles greatly relaxed, the pupils dilated and immovable. This state lasted about three minutes, when the animal, although insensible, rolled and made involuntary movements. Normal respiration being re-established, the skin became sensible in eight minutes. No accident occurred. In two experiments the inhalations were continued for ten minutes. The animal remained insensible and immovable; the muscles of respiration alone acting. Taken to the open air, the head was thrown back, the respiratory movements became at first almost convulsive, then regular. Afterwards the dog raised himself on his fore legs, dragging after him the abdominal members still paralysed; the normal functions being restored at the end of a quarter of an hour. The arterial blood had a very perceptible odour of aldehyde.

Aldehyde is a limpid, colourless liquid, formed among other products, when the vapour of ether or alcohol is transmitted through a red-hot tube, also by the action of chlorine or weak alcohol. It is best prepared and may be obtained in great quantities by distilling a mixture of sulphuric acid, water, alcohol, and peroxide of manganese, and rectifying the condensed liquid with chloride of lime. Aldehyde has a characteristic ethereal odour, which, when strong, is exceedingly suffocating.

### ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 6th.—Mr. Spence, President, in the chair. He presented 500 copies of his address delivered at the Anniversary Meeting, January 24th, for distribution to the members and their friends, to which we may probably return in a future *Gazette*.

Mr. White exhibited a selection from an extensive collection of insects made at Hong Kong, by J. Bowring, Esq., intended for presentation to the British Museum. It contained a great number of new species, many of them of much interest.

Mr. Westwood exhibited a box containing about thirty species of the Dipterous family Nemestrinidae, the major part of them and Australian species from his own collection and those of Mr. Hope and Mr. Saunders.

Mr. Evans exhibited the pupa and pupa case of *Diaphonia frontalis*, an Australian beetle of the family Ceptoniades, which had been found in the rotten stump of a gum-tree.

The Secretary read a letter from Mr. F. Sachse, stating that he had undertaken to be the medium of communication between the members of the Stettin Entomological Society and the Entomologist of this country. Several communications were read by the President relative to insects injurious to agriculture in this country and other colonies.

An extract of a letter from Mr. Bowring, of Hong Kong, was read, giving an account of the habits of the genus *Tricondyla*, a genus of beetles which, from the peculiar conformation of its feet and its want of wings, had been supposed to be terrestrial, but which, in reality, inhabits trees, especially the Lichi, and preys upon other insects which infest them.

In reference to one of the communications read by the President, in regard to the caterpillar, known as the "army worm," which has proved so destructive to the cotton plant in the United States, M. Doubleday remarked that he had been furnished, about 18 months since,

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by Dr. H. W. Harris, of Harrow University, with a drawing of the larva and specimens of the moth produced from it; that the moth probably was the noctua xylinia of Say, and belonged to the family of the Ophiuroids of Boisduval, but to a genus distinct from any European one. The mischief done to the cotton crops in some of the South-western States in the year 1846, was enormous, whole plantations being laid waste by it, and its sudden appearance was the more remarkable as it previously must have been rare. Mr. Doubleday never having met with it himself when in the Southern States, nor seen it in any collection, and no drawing of it existing in the seventeen quarto volumes of drawings of the insects of Georgia, made by Abbot, and now in the library of the British Museum.

#### THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

In answer to a question in the House of Commons on Thursday, Mr. Ward repeated the information given in the *Literary Gazette*, and added that the Pearl was to meet the Plover in Behring's Straits, and that a premium of 100 guineas (with a power to increase it) was held out to any Whaler who brought intelligence of the Expedition under Sir John Franklin.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, March 8th, 1848.—The following degrees were conferred:—  
*Honorary Master of Arts*.—Lord Alwyne Compton, Trinity College.  
*Bachelors of Arts*.—J. Arkwright, T. Davies, F. B. Piele, S. T. Pettigrew, Trinity College; F. J. Freeman, A. Jones, J. Lloyd, C. J. W. Ord, St. John's College; D. W. Cameron, S. F. Rippingall, St. Peter's College; S. G. Wood, Clare Hall; C. T. Johnson, Caius College; E. Hawkins, F. G. Wilson, Corpus Christi College; G. P. Kerr, Queen's College; E. Pain, Emmanuel College.

##### ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES.

We rejoice to hear that, in consequence of the recommendation of the Trustees of the Museum to her Majesty's Government, steps have been taken for the removal of Mr. Layard's antiquities from Bussarat. The smaller objects—Mr. Layard's rubbings, and the so-called obelisk, have been shipped on board the Clyde, and will be transferred to the Elphinstone, to be sent to Bombay, from whence they will be sent to England. Seventy or eighty of the larger slabs are still lying on the quay at Marghill, as the ship sent is quite inadequate to stow them, for which purpose a first-rate steamer must be despatched from Bombay; for otherwise they will have to be sent by a native boat—a most dangerous proceeding. Why cannot the Government charter or send a steamer at once for the express purpose? Their remains are of European interest, and it is of the highest importance to science that every possible precaution should be taken for their due preservation. A cast of the Assyrian monuments discovered in Cyprus is to be sent from Berlin to the British Museum. The public may soon expect to see a work from Mr. Layard, in one volume 8vo, on his discoveries at Nineveh, which is to precede the publication of the drawings which he made, and which are to be published by subscription. The ivory panels discovered at Nimroud, which had become almost fossilized through age, have been restored to their pristine condition in a most able manner, by Mr. Flower, under the direction of the Dean of Westminster. Colonel Rawlinson is continuing his researches on the Assyrian cuneiform characters. His results appear to differ considerably from those of Dr. Hincks and others who have attempted the interpretation. A paper will soon appear from his pen, on the Assyrians under the Persians, which he has analysed completely by means of the Bisitonn inscriptions.

We regret to hear from Paris, that M. Champollion and M. Raoul Rochette have been

deprived of their appointments at the *Bibliothèque [Fey] Royale*. Economy is said to be the reason of these changes. Most of the officials, perhaps, are in trepidation, as it requires a keener and more philosophic eye than that of the workmen to see the utility of letters and philosophy. France has not many learned men to spare; to reduce those she has in her service to the condition of *ouvriers* will not elevate republicanism as an element of human civilization.

#### THE LITERARY FUND.

The annual meeting last week was considerably disturbed by differences of opinion, and seemed as if some of the mob had got in from the streets. The charter has been discovered to be so worded that the members of the Council have no votes in the distribution of the Fund, and its old supporters are superseded by the latest recruits. It managed, however, to give away above 1,200l., to destitute authors, widows, and orphans, &c., last year, about the interest of its realized property; a comparatively very large sum being swallowed up in an expensive house-rent, and other charges, which used not to be when the directors were content with their convenient chambers in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and before Reform, *alias* Intrigue, got possession of the seat of Charity, Humanity, and Good Feelings. The Duke of Northumberland is announced to preside at the next Anniversary.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Thursday, March 9th.—Mr. Hallam, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Windus, of Stamford Hill, exhibited to the Society a terra-cotta tablet oval, of considerable size, from Rome; it represents Hercules in the gardens of the Hesperides, with a female opposite to him. Mr. Windus assumes the sculpture to be the work of Dioscorides, and the figures to represent Augustus and Livia. The Secretary then proceeded to the final reading of Sir Fortunatus Dwarrior's "Observations on the History of the Brereton Family."

It was resolved that, the ordinary anniversary (St. George's day) falling on a Sunday, the anniversary meeting of the Society shall this year be held on the 2nd May.

#### BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

March 10.—*Annual Meeting*.—Samuel Reynolds Solly, Esq., F.R.S., in the chair.—The auditors, Major Moore and Mr. James Prior, delivered in the following report:—We, the auditors appointed by the general meeting, of March, 1847, have examined the accounts of the British Archaeological Association, for the past year, and find the entries and vouchers for the same correct, and distinctly made. It appears that the receipts have amounted to the sum of £402 10s. 8d., and the payments to £410 10s., leaving a balance of £8 7s. 4d. due to the treasurer; which, with the balance due to the same at the audit of 1846, renders the Society indebted to the treasurer the sum of £17 13s. We unite with the previous auditors in expressing our satisfaction at the manner in which the accounts are kept, the strict economy practised, and the propriety of laying before the society the precise condition of its affairs. We regret to find there remain unpaid no less than 206 subscriptions, and urgently impress upon the attention of the council the necessity of employing a regular collector. There have been, unhappily, no less than 15 deaths among the members during the past year, and 37 subscribers have, from a variety of causes, retired from the Association. There have, however, been elected 68 new Associates, and the precise number of members now on the list is 477. The auditors cannot close their report without expressing their satisfaction at the desire entertained, and already acted upon, by some of the members, to sub-

scribe, by donation or an increased annual payment, to the promotion of the funds, to enable the council to aid in excavations that may be in progress in different parts of the country, and recommend that a list of such contributors may be printed and circulated, together with the report, to the members at large. The auditors feel satisfied that when the members shall see the manner in which the receipts are disposed of, the gratuitous services rendered by all the officers, and reflect upon the value of the Journal which every member receives for his very small contribution, furnishing a work which as a record of antiquarian discoveries, has not its equal in this or any other country, they will be anxious to increase the means of the council, to enable them to carry out more fully the useful and national purposes for which the Association was established.

(Signed) J. A. MOORE, F.R.S., F.S.A.

JAMES PRIOR, F.S.A., M.R.I.A.

The report was received with cheers, and thanks returned to the auditors.

The thanks of the meeting were also voted severally to the president, to the secretary, to the treasurer, to the donors of plates, and to the draftsman, Mr. Fairholt.

The scrutators, Messrs. Newton and Keats, then announced the result of the ballot for officers and council for 1848-9, as follows:—As President—the Lord Albert D. Conyngham, M.P., K.C.H., F.S.A. As Vice-Presidents—Sir William Betham, F.S.A., M.R.I.A.; Sir Wm. Chatterton, Bart.; James Heywood, M.P., F.R.S., F.S.A.; Rev. W. F. Hope, M.A., F.R.S.; Sir S. R. Meyrick, K.H., LL.D., F.S.A.; R. Monckton Milnes, M.P.; T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A.; Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, F.R.S., F.S.A. Secretaries—T. Crofton Croker, F.S.A., M.R.I.A.; and C. Roach Smith, F.S.A. Hydrographical Secretary—Captain A. B. Becher, R.N. Secretary for Foreign Correspondence—Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A. Council—Joseph Arden; Charles Bailey, F.S.A.; Rear-Admiral Beaufort, F.R.S., M.R.I.A.; Wm. Henry Black; Alexander A. Burkiit, F.S.A.; William Chaffers, F.S.A.; Nathaniel Gould, F.S.A.; W. D. Haggard, F.S.A.; James O. Halliwell, F.R.S., F.S.A.; A. C. Kirkmann; Samuel Phillips; J. R. Planche, F.S.A.; W. H. Rosser, F.S.A.; S. R. Solly, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A.; John Green Waller; Alfred White; Albert Woods, F.S.A., *Lancaster Herald*; and as Auditors—William Beattie, M.D.; and Captain Richard Johns, R.M.

The thanks of the meeting were then returned to the scrutators and to the chairman.

It was announced in the course of the evening that the fifth annual congress would be held at Worcester, from the 14th to the 19th of August.

We understand a further donation has been voted towards the expenses of the excavations at Verulam.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 p.m.—British Architects, 8 p.m.

—Chemical, 8 p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 p.m.—Horticultural, 3 p.m.—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.

Wednesday.—Geological, 8 p.m.

Thursday.—Royal, 8 p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.—Royal

Society of Literature, 4 p.m.—Medico-Botanical, 8 p.m.—Numismatic Society, 7 p.m.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8 p.m.—Philological, 8 p.m.

—British Archaeological Association, 8 p.m.

Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 3 p.m.—Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE PANORAMA OF VIENNA.

This fine view by Mr. Burford, briefly noticed in our last, has more than fulfilled our anticipation, and is, we think, one of the Artist's most successful works; at once elaborate, picturesque, and faithful. The Panorama not only ex-

hibits every part of the great city, but carries the sight into the surrounding country. Thus the flat champagne is relieved by the striking objects of architecture in the foreground, and the mountain ranges in the distance. Churches, palaces, bridges, convents, gardens, castles, streets afford a most complete idea of the Austrian capital. It is taken from the Church of St. Carlo, near Wiedon, and so skilfully chosen that nothing is wanting, no feature is missed, and the spectator finds himself as a visitor, actually inspecting the reality, only that he could not embrace so much at once. It is indeed a great achievement, and well deserves the admiration of the public, which we were pleased to hear expressed on all sides during our time in the saloon.

*The Graphic Society* at its fourth meeting last week were charmed by a most characteristic "Coachman waiting for orders," by E. Landseer, and a line engraving by Robinson, of Wilkie's "Pope Pius VII., refusing to sign Napoleon's concordat." Several Portfolios rich in drawings, from various parts of the world, also contributed to the artistic enjoyments of the evening.

*Royal Institute of Architects.*—At the last meeting, Mr. Fergusson, so well known by his splendid and valuable works on Oriental Architecture and Antiquities (reviewed with just eulogies in the *Literary Gazette*), read a learned essay on Buddhist buildings in India. It embodied in an interesting manner the most striking features of his published works.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

##### FRANCE.

Paris, March 14.

You have not wondered at my silence, at least, I trust that you have not. How is it possible to write—to be busy with science, art, and literature, in the very midst of a burning furnace, when, torn away by imperious duty from the pursuits of study, a man in these troublous times is to-day a National Guard, to-morrow an elector, and on the following day a club-orator? I have spent the fortnight just elapsed either in uniform, a musket on my shoulder, or else in popular assemblies, in electoral-committees, &c. For some little time to come I shall be engaged in similar avocations, and I must claim your indulgence if they somewhat influence the narrative I am about to write.

You know full well how that revolution was accomplished, the preliminary incidents of which I detailed in my last letter, written, if I remember rightly, on the eve of the day upon which the throne of Louis Philippe was so suddenly shaken. On the next day the beating of the drum aroused me from my bed; at half-past ten I was on the Place du Carrousel where the ex-King, riding on a white horse, followed by a numerous staff, and by a brilliant suite, reviewed an army of 6,000 men—cavalry, artillery, infantry—all crammed in this extempore camp. At eleven o'clock we left the place, declaring that all was at an end—that the principles of Reform had prevailed; that Thiers and Odillon Barrot would assume the reins of government; one hour later, the Monarch abdicated; one hour later, he had taken flight, surrounded only by a few horsemen at full gallop; the same evening he was pursuing, almost alone, his perilous journey towards the coast from whence he intended to reach England, his favorite place of refuge.

The effects of such events upon those who have witnessed them and have taken a part in them, are precisely similar to that attendant upon a dream, when, albeit asleep, the marvellous multiplicity of impressions and events arouses in the sleeper a feeling of scepticism against the illusions of slumber.

On emerging into waking life, an overwhelming sense of fear took possession of Paris. All

felt themselves without the pale of order. No more security now for person or property. A re-olute band of 1,000 men, bent upon evil, might have sacked the capital of France with fire and sword. The Royal Treasury, the Bank, the splendid shops, the gold and diamonds displayed on all sides, the treasures of private individuals, all lay at the mercy of the people who tested their strength by taking possession, everywhere, and without resistance, of the arms they needed. I, who now write, have myself seen a band of about 80 *gamins*, without one musket amongst them, disarm a battalion of infantry, 500 strong, and protected in their barracks by 40 or 50 National Guards. One determined step was only needed to crush this fragment of sedition; but it required the resolution to strike; and the first shot fired by the National Guard upon the people, might have become,—and everybody had the consciousness of this,—the signal of universal massacre.

[Our correspondent speaks highly of the moderation of the lower classes after their victory, and contrasts it unfavourably with the conduct of the *bourgeoisie* above them—and he adds:]

And even now I omit ambitious tribes of all kinds, who conceal their longing for advancement under the mask of patriotism, forming clubs, popular assemblies, and thus preparing to grasp, in the bloody game of sedition, some remnant of public power. This is the spectacle, which on all sides, shocks the eyes and good feeling. But to see Paris under this aspect, a man must belong to Paris. He must be able to detect, though he sees them decked with tricolor ribbons, and abusing the republican formulae, those very same men who used abjectly to solicit the favours of the old government. All such characteristic shades are lost to a stranger. He sees the picture a whole, with its external pomp, and those marvellous instances of order which seem to attest that we are ripe for liberty. Accordingly all the strangers I meet are struck with admiration, and I would I could share in this illusion, so flattering for my country.

But all my efforts are in vain. The future appears to me under a rather threatening aspect. An industrial and financial crisis appears inevitable to me. It will give growth to a disease which may arouse irritation amongst those working classes—once galled by wretchedness and want, what will they do? How can they close their ears against the seductive promises held forth by the Phalansteriens and the Communists? Will their sense of right be so sufficiently strong to enable them to look with suspicion upon this logic, both inexorable and deceitful, which exhibits public happiness in the chimerical application of the principle of equality? Will they understand, in the sense in which they should be understood, the doctrines of our republican economists on the organization of work? or else, heeding nothing but their sufferings, taking counsel from their necessities alone, will they once more overthrow the edifice, as yet barely begun, which they defend to-day?

These, my dear Sir, are questions with which all right minded men, all honest hearts are busy. Such is the problem, the solution of which weighs upon the destinies of France.

In order to remain faithful to our custom, and to the objects of this correspondence, which are specially literary, I must give you here a summary of all important events in our scribbling Republic.

M. Victor Hugo, ex-peer of France, attempted to shew himself on the hustings. He was hooted by the people. It was endeavoured to secure for him the mayoralty of one *arrondissement*, but his nomination was next day recalled.

M. Alex. Dumas, decked with the crosses and insignia so liberally bestowed upon him by the late government, laboured to claim the merit of republican principles in his youth. The intimate

friend of the Duc de Montpensier, the pensioner of the Duc d'Orleans, presented himself with the *bonnet rouge* on his head, at one of the remaining barricades. Unanimous hisses greeted this glaring act of ingratitude. In an assemblage of artists and men of letters, M. Dumas attempted to fill the chair of President. He was again dismissed with unanimous hisses.

M. Granier de Cassagnac, the political *Seide* of M. Guizot, the ex-editor-in-chief of the defunct *Epogue*, boldly presented himself in a republican club. He was compelled to make a hasty exit, expelled by a dishonouring vote.

M. de Girardin, the editor of the *Presse*, showed a still greater degree of courage, and, wonderful to relate, his courage gained the day. You doubtless know well enough, that, at the time he killed in duel the chief editor of the *National*, Armand Carrel, the type of political honour and firmness. A week after our revolution, the friends of Armand Carrel went to tender over his tomb their enthusiastic homage, and hailed the statue of that Athlete to whom the victory of last February would have, beyond a doubt, secured the first post in the state. Well, M. de Girardin dared to show himself in the ranks of these tried patriots. He made a pedestal of the statue erected in memory of the man he slew. And such is the influence exercised by striking and unexpected revolutions, that M. de Girardin came out safe and sound from the dangerous trial.

#### NOTES FROM ABOARD.

*Polygonometry.*—Principles laid down by Mr. Simon Spitzer: If a given point moves in a plain, so that it ultimately returns to the spot whence it set out, the sum of all the intermediate spaces which it has traversed will be 0; whence not only their relative proportions, but their positions come under observation. Upon this principle the greatly number of the problems of Polygonometry, are deduced with great simplicity, and by this practical application the correctness of Gauss' observations on imaginary sizes, which is attacked by the modern French mathematicians, is tested.

*Chloroform.*—M. Hammerschmidt, of Vienna, as the result of 1500 operations, gives the preference to ether over chloroform as a narcotic, and attributes to the latter consequences which may prove detrimental to the constitution.

*Mountain Temperature.*—M. Leopold Puttnar, also a member of the Philosophical Society of Vienna, having conducted a series of experiments on Carinthian mountains at the several elevations of 4100, 5200, and 6500 feet, confirms the fact that in summer the temperature is considerably lower on lofty mountains than on plains; but on the contrary that it is erroneous to believe the cold more intense during the winter months in these elevations.

*Etherization in Russia.*—The Russian Minister of the Interior has issued a circular to all the Civic Governors of the empire informing them that etherization (with ether, for chloroform is of too recent invention to be yet legislated upon), may be employed in surgical operations by medical practitioners, as well in the hospitals as in private practice, but that neither dentists nor accoucheurs may employ it except by the authority and on the responsibility of medical men. It is further commanded that immediately after etherization, the practitioner who has used it shall send in his report to the medical authorities.

*Patronage of Literature.*—The King of Bavaria has just addressed an autograph letter to Justinus Kerner, Poet Laureate, expressing his high admiration of his talent, and, in consequence of his advancing age and an increasing disease of his eyes, presenting him with an annual sum of 400*fl.* out of his privy purse.

*The Emperor of Austria* has presented Professor Stefanowicz Karadschicz with a splendid diamond

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ring, accompanied by a flattering autograph eulogy on his services in the department of Servian literature.

The Rev. Henry Mosley, F.R.S., and lately one of the Professors of King's College, London, has been elected a Corresponding Member of the French Academy of Sciences, in the room of M. de Wiebeking, retired.

**Quick Work.**—A Parisian sculptor of the name of Clesinger, had carved a colossal bust of Liberty with such rapidity, that he could present it to the Provisional Government on Sunday last; on which day it was carried in procession through the streets by a body of "nearly three hundred sculptors."

George Herwegh, a German poet, whose writings are proscribed in Prussia, has been president of a German democratic body, fraternizing with the Parisian revolutionists. Bornstedt, a newspaper editor, expelled from Brussels, M. Werth, and other individuals, are named as taking the lead in this new association.

Mehemet Ali has left Malta for Naples, but is described to be in so very sinking and dangerous condition of health as to make his return to Alexandria problematical.

The Academy of Sciences, Paris, on the 6th inst., elected Prof. Moseley a Corresponding Member in the section, Mechanics. The other names presented in the section, *ex æquo*, and in alphabetical order, were M. Boileau, M. Reech, and Mr. Robert Stephenson.

The Louvre.—Letters from Paris describe the opening of the Louvre Gallery, filled mostly with works rejected in former years, to be a sad failure. None of the principal artists have exhibited.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY,

##### THE BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

At the Annual Meeting, on the 9th, at the Albion Tavern, Mr. James Nisbet in the Chair, and Mr. Orme, Mr. Brown, and other liberal friends assisting, a very gratifying Report of the last year's progress was read.

It appears that:

6 Retail Booksellers have received.	£	s.	d.
12 Booksellers' Assistants	95	0	0
3 Widows of Retail Booksellers	97	14	4
3 Widows of Booksellers' Assistants	29	3	0
	37	18	0

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One retail bookseller, three booksellers' assistants, and one widow of a bookseller's assistant, included in this statement, being permanent annuitants. Altogether nearly £1,300 has been thus distributed.

The whole of the expenses connected with the Institution, since it was formed in 1837, have not averaged more than £80 per annum.

With respect to the Funds of the Institution, the Directors are enabled to state, that upwards of £1,000 have been added to the Permanent Fund during the past year; and it is most gratifying to find that a considerable portion of this amount, which is unusually large, has arisen from the number of members who have joined the Institution during that period.

The amount of the Fund now is about £17,000. The officers for the ensuing year were elected.

The Royal Humane Society held its Anniversary at the Freemasons' Tavern on Wednesday, under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk. There was not much speaking on the occasion, though the company was addressed by the Dean of Westminster, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, Mr. Hawes the Treasurer, Mr. B. Hawes the newly-elected M.P. for Kinsale, the Bishop of Madras, the Lord Mayor, and others. The most interesting part of the Meeting was the procession formed of about twenty adults and children of both sexes, who had been saved from untimely death; and the distribution of six medallions to individuals (or

their representatives) who had bravely rescued fellow-creatures from drowning, at the risk of their own lives. Among these was the case of W. Patey, a Devonshire labourer, saved by the Rev. Mr. E. L. Davies, who plunged into the water, and pushing an oar to the poor fellow whilst struggling to his last gasp at the bottom, succeeded in raising him up and towing him safely to the shore. Mr. Davies, in returning thanks, enforced the expediency of teaching boys to swim as a part of education. Another interesting feature was the presentation of the medallion to James Mulqueeny, a private in the 46th Regiment, who caught a comrade by the hair when sinking for the third time, in water fifteen feet deep, and got him, exhausted, to land. The gallant fellow appeared in his regimentals, and acknowledged the honour in a few words, with a rich Munster brogue. The medal is this year a new one, and a beautiful example of the art of William Wyon. A group of three figures, and a vessel in the distance, on the obverse, is admirable. The music, by Messrs. Hobbs, Hatton, Young, Bradbury, and the Misses Williams, was of a superior order and warmly applauded.

#### ORIGINAL.

##### AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

**Sour Grapes.**—*Matchless Criticism.*—The astute Critic of the *Athenæum*, who discovered our gross blunder in printing *Macbeth*, instead of *Macheath*, between Polly and Lucy, and warned us to beware of such lapses, as he had an eye upon the *Literary Gazette*; and would certainly expose and demolish it if it committed errors of this grievous and ignorant description, had better, perhaps, look after the beams in his own squint than the motes in our eyes. A fortnight ago, March 4th, both Journals reviewed a novel called "The Count," the curious jargon in which we quoted and reprinted; hoping that the author might consider the matter, and yet do better things. But our contemporary, as usual, far superior to the "Small Deer" *L. G.*, must strike a heavier blow with his all-puissant arm; and he does it thus (page 240).—"An inscription in the arrow-headed character seems to us easy reading, when compared with the following passage. This relates to a lady who has been seized with some sudden malady; and the motto prefixed is also, we imagine, a specimen of 'high-station' rhyme. Quære.—Can it be Saturnian satire?"

"'Tis not as heads that never ache suppose,  
Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woe;  
Man is a harp whose chords clude the sight,  
Each yielding harmony disposed aright;  
The screws reverse (which if He please)  
God in a moment executes with ease,  
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,  
Lost till He tune them, all their power and use."

Can this be Saturnian satire; this *see*-imagined a specimen of high-station rhyme? Alas, No.

There once lived a poet of the name of Cowper, occasionally read by the multitude, but it would seem not known to this Mighty and Threatening Critic. The said Cowper wrote a poem entitled *Retirement*, in which the following passage, more correctly printed and punctuated, occurs:

"'Tis not as heads that never ache suppose,  
Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woe;  
Man is a harp whose chords clude the sight,  
Each yielding harmony disposed aright;  
The screws reversed (a task which if He please  
God in a moment executes with ease)  
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,  
Lost, till He tune them, all their power and use."

We do not think this a very unapt quotation to head the description of the sick lady, nor the author of "The Count" so much to blame for it; but what shall be said of the Great Critic (see *Ante*) who did not know the difference between Cowper and the Man in the Moon!!!

\* The book purports to be written by "One in a High Station," viz., the Man in the Moon, which will explain these bitterly witty expressions.

#### GARRICK FROM HIS LETTERS.

IN Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's catalogue of a singularly copious and curious collection of autographs, the sale of which took place on Thursday and yesterday, there were forty-eight unpublished letters of David Garrick. They range from January 1732-3, when he was about 16 years old, to August, 1776, and throw interesting light upon his early life. In 1734, he first alludes to theatrical affairs; and in 1735, we have his first poetical effort. In 1741, he has quitted the wine trade, and at the age of 25, October 19, there is, as the catalogue states, addressed to his brother Peter, "A most important letter, written the day of his appearance in London." He communicates his change of occupation to his brother, premising that since he had been in business he had "run out four hundred pounds, and found trade not increasing," and had now begun to think of some way of redeeming his fortune. "My mind (as you know) has always been inclined to the stage; nay, so strongly so, that all my illness and lowness of spirits was owing to my want of resolution to tell you my thoughts when here. . . . Tho' I know you will be displeased with me; yet I hope when you shall find that I may have the genius of an actor without the vices, you will think less severe of me, and not be ashamed to own me for a brother." He makes an offer as to the transfer of his business, &c. "Last night I play'd Richard the Third to the surprise of every body; and as I shall make very near £300 per annum of it, and as it is really what I doat upon, I am resolv'd to pursue it." In a postscript, he adds, "I have a farce (The Lying Valet), coming out at Drury-lane on the 19th, but not finished and sent 'till the day following."

The next is October 17th, and is an affectionate letter, explaining and justifying his conduct in relinquishing his business and taking to the stage. After alluding to his want of success in business, he says, "As for the Stage, I know in the general it deserves your censure; but if you will consider how handsomely and how respectably some have liv'd, as Booth, Mills, Wilks, Cibber, &c., and admitted into and admired by the best companies; and as my genius that way (by the best judges) is thought wonderful, how can you be averse to my proceedings?" He alludes to his success, and the patronage he has received, and says, "Mr. Glover (Leonidas I mean) has been every night to see me, and sent for me and told me, as well as every body he converses with, that he had not seen acting for ten years before; in short, were I to tell you what they say about me, 't would be too vain, tho' I am now writing to a brother. . . . I have not yet had my name in the bills, and have play'd only the part of Richard the Third, which brings crowded audiences." Throughout the letter he expresses the greatest concern lest his conduct should offend the various members of his family.

Nov. 10, 1742.—He regrets the aversion still entertained by his family for the profession he has chosen, with such prospects of success, that he is "certain to make his fortune by it, if health continues." Mr. Littleton and Mr. Pitt have been to see him, and have pronounced him to be the best actor the English stage has produced. He is in daily expectation of a visit from the Prince. He states his salary to be six guineas a-week, and a clear benefit, for which he has been offered £120. He concludes by inviting his brother to town to attend his benefit; and makes an equitable offer as to the wine business, from which he has retired.

Nov. 24, 1742.—He derives confidence from the assurance he has received from his brother, that, though he disapproves of the Stage, he will still regard him with affection. He says, "The best judges (who to a man are of opinion that I shall turn out—nay, they say I am) not only the best Tragedian but Comedian in England. I

would not say so much to any body else, but as this may somewhat palliate my folly, you must excuse me. Mr. Littleton was with me last night, and took me by the hand, and said, he never saw such playing upon the English stage before." He concludes with allusion to their private affairs, and offers to assist his brother to the fullest extent his means will allow.

Feb. 22d, 1742.—He sends a copy of "The Lying Valet," which, he says, is thought highly of; and during its performance, keeps the house in a "general roar from beginning to end."..... "You, perhaps, would be glad to know what parts I have play'd. King Richard—Jack Smatter, in Pamela—Clod, in the Pop's Fortune—Lothario, in the Fair Penitent—Chamont, in the Orphan—Ghost, in Hamlet: and shall soon be ready in Bayes, in the Rehearsal; and in the part of Othello..... Old Gibber has spoken with the greatest commendation of my acting. As to playing a Harlequin, 'tis quite false. Yates, last season, was taken very ill, and was not able to begin the entertainment; so I put on the dress, and did two or three scenes for him; but nobody knew it but him and Giffard." The rest of the letter is occupied with liberal offers to his brother as to the wine business, and with other private affairs.

Others are of much interest, but we conclude with—

Adelphi, March 21, 1776.—He speaks of his retirement from the stage, and his contemplated visit to his native place. "Till I have given my successors possession and received my money I can't stir from the property..... then I shall strike off my chains, and no culprit at a gaol delivery will be happier. I really feel the joy I used to do when I was a boy at a breaking up."

The whole were disposed of in one lot to a well-known collector, and we hear that they are likely to be published in a historical dramatic work coming down from the time of Garrick to our own. The price was £110.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM MUDFORD, ESQ.

It is with much regret we notice the announcement of the death of this gentleman, at his residence in Harrington-square, Hampstead-road, on the 10th instant, leaving a wife and numerous family to bewail their bereavement. Mr. Mudford was long and intimately known to the political, literary, and social world of London, and filled no unimportant station in the public transactions of his time. For many years editor of the *Courier* newspaper, when most powerful and prosperous, the talents he displayed were of a conspicuous order, and he was the depository of much confidence from the most eminent ministers and politicians of an eventful period. He ever proved himself worthy of this trust; and when, by having embarked too largely in speculations which a monetary panic destroyed, and by changes in the Journal he so ably conducted, he incurred a severe reverse of fortune, he bravely met the loss, and retiring to Canterbury, undertook the editing of a Provincial Paper to maintain his independence, and sought no aid from the party he had so efficiently served. In this employment he continued for a considerable time, and after the death of Mr. Theodore Hook also became the editor of the *John Bull*, which office he held to the date of his death. In all his writings Mr. Mudford supported Tory principles; and not only in the press, which was within his own conduct, but in many periodicals to which he was a prolific contributor, was ever consistent and unwavering. In general publication, he produced several works which obtained considerable popularity. The *Three Nights of St. Albans*, a romance in three volumes, and other productions, the titles of which we do not immediately call to mind,

demonstrated the variety and extent of his attainments, and his skill in the successful treatment of imaginative as well as solid literature. In private life, Mr. Mudford was liberal and hospitable, and though for the latter season of his life withdrawn from the once wide circle in which he moved, there yet remain some old associates and friends to lament his loss. He was the chief founder of *The Melodist*, whose first meetings were held in his house, where Braham, Sinclair, and others enjoyed the harmonious and convivial entertainments. In many other matters of much passing interest he also took a leading part, and, we can truly say, fulfilled functions of no small importance to the lasting advantage of many individuals, and of consequence to the country.

William Thom, the Inverury Poet, died at Dundee on the 28th ult., having been for some time in a bad state of health, and leaving a widow and three infants under five years old, utterly destitute.

The Baroness Knörning, whose *Peasant and his Landlord* we reviewed in No 1623, died of consumption on the 13th ultimo, aged fifty-one, at Skalltorp, in Gothland.

#### MUSIC.

*Philharmonic Concert.*—The first was given on Monday, and was fully attended. The programme was one of considerable promise (including several novelties), and the performance, generally, seemed to be very satisfactory. A sinfonia, by A. Hesse, turned out a meagre affair. Albani sang with vigour and effect, showing that her opera flatness was temporary, or judging from Saturday again, perhaps local! Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Rossini, Spohr, were all called into requisition; but the grand effort of the evening was Mendelssohn's Sinfonia, in A, No. 2, which was superbly rendered, Costa leading.

Mr. Lindsay Sloper's last of three soirées of pianoforte music, at Willis's Room, was very fully attended. We had again a piece of the antiquated school of playing, called "An Allemande Courante et Chaconne, by F. Couperin, Organist to Louis XVI., 1713," which is not remarkable for any beauties. Mr. Sloper gave us also the Beethoven Sonatina E Minor Op. 90, in splendid style; the last movement (*andante*) is in the author's happiest vein. A Nocturne, by S. Heller, was also admirably performed by Mr. Sloper, and showed his powers of execution to advantage: the duet for violoncello and piano (Mendelssohn), was not satisfactory; it contains too many difficulties for the bass, in fact it is more like violin music, a fault too common now both in writers and players, by which the character of the instrument is lost; it was played by Sloper and Rousselot. Miss Bassano and Miss Ransford sang, and afforded a pleasing change to the evening's amusement.

*Exeter Hall.*—The Sacred Harmonic Society's Concert on Wednesday was Mendelssohn's St. Paul, the effect and ensemble of which were but indifferently rendered by the performance.

#### THE DRAMA.

*Her Majesty's Theatre.*—On Tuesday the Opera of *Attila*, composed by Verdi, in 1846, was performed for the first time in this country. The plot is founded upon an incident said by historians to have occurred to *Attila*, when he invaded the Roman dominions. Having laid waste the town of Aquileia, amongst the captives was a beautiful woman called *Odabella*, with whose beauty *Attila* is so captivated that he offers her any present she may wish. She demands his sword; she then consents to be his bride, but plots with her lover, *Foresto*, *Attila's* death. Instead of allowing *Foresto* to poison the Hun, she saves him for her own peculiar killing, and this she does with his own sword,

just as he comes in procession to claim her as his bride.

This opera appears to have been produced entirely for the sake of showing the dashing powers of Mlle. Cruvelli. Her part is a sort of amazonian one, and she looks, acts, and sings it in good style. Unfortunately, the music has no pretensions to more than the melodramatic; it conveys no pathos or sentiment, so that the young singer could only exhibit a forcible dramatic style, which seems especially inseparable from all Verdi's writings. There is but one attempt at an aria for the *Soprano*, and this is in the forest scene, which was nicely executed. The *Baritone* has the best music in the way of solo, and we have again the pleasure to praise Belletti for his excellent singing.

The parts for the two tenors, Gardoni and Cuzani, are magnificent, though the music allotted to them was well sung and with great care for the expression of the characters. Verdi has certainly started in a path of his own; he relies upon massive, not to say noisy and coarse, effects in music. These he attempts by working the whole orchestra and the brass in particular; the result is, that his voice parts are more or less damaged and melody sacrificed, except, perhaps, the choruses, in which he is very fond of unisons; some of his choral effects, as in the well known "Va pensiero" are really fine, but in this last-heard work we see but little to admire. He out-Verdies Verdi in noise, and shows no originality of thought. The scenery and getting up of the Opera are excellent; the effect of a storm at night, followed by sunrise, in the scene on the banks of the Adriatic where Venice was founded, was very cleverly managed.

*Covent Garden.*—Rossini's *Tancredi* continues to be an attraction here. Persiani is singing with all the charming floriture and grace which have so long rendered her famous. Albani does not improve in the rôle of *Tancredi*; it is still a tame and uninteresting part in her hands, though how this is, every one is inquiring.

In the new ballet "La Reine des Feux-follets," Flora Fabbri is gaining the favour of all. She is destined to rival those eminent danseuses who have gone before her; and Brussi, from the Imperial Theatre of Vienna, will also prove an able companion in the fancy art. In our notice last week, the Italian words should have been "No! che il morir," and "Giusto Dio;" which correction we beg our readers to make.

*The Drury-Lane Theatrical Fund Anniversary*, mentioned in our last, as about to "come off," has been postponed till the merry month of May; by which time, we trust, the dead-weight which recent political events have thrown upon every thing that is good or useful may be removed, and the divinity of Quiet supersede the demon of Agitation, so injurious to the arts, literature, the charities and humanities of life, and every species of peaceful improvement.

Mr. Henry Betty.—The Standard Theatre following the example of others in the legitimate line, has engaged Mr. Henry Betty to appear in Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello, Richard III., and Shylock; beginning on Monday next.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### THE HAUNTS OF SONG.

"Where is thine ancient home? fair spirit, say,  
Through the green valley have I sought thee long,  
And by the lonely hill, while early day  
Yet slumber'd on the steep, till bright and strong  
Came the first tones of thine awaking lay  
In the fresh lark's glad song;  
Then the pale stars have closed their gentle eyes,  
And like a fading lily, coldly bright,  
Drooping her veiled head within the skies,  
Pass'd to her silent realm, the Queen of Night;  
And 'mid the splendours of the morn unseen,  
There hath thy presence been.  
In the noon's fervent light,  
Hast thou not led me to the forest shade?  
Where, as thy fairy steps the branches climb,  
Hath thy lone voice to some far distant chime

Melodious  
Startling  
Sweeping  
Rising  
Music was  
Far on thy  
Where thy  
And right  
Where the  
And by  
There, like  
Thy child  
Alas for th  
More de  
But, for  
Where is  
The bur  
Is but a  
And the hi  
Instantly  
Teaches th  
Till, with  
Autumn is  
With pu  
And thou,  
Breathin  
Or where,  
Scatter'd  
O'er many  
When the  
Blessing  
Flows far  
Spread  
And lead  
Where as  
Oh! to l  
Beneath th  
To love  
Hath legen  
To dream  
Say to the  
Alas, I sta  
Unfetter'd  
Thy gird  
And swift  
Fades the  
Spirit bel  
It is not  
Where be  
Nor in  
Nor where  
Far in the  
Nor when  
No, deare  
Thine own  
The light  
Is like th  
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Melodious answer made;  
Startling the ring-dove in her haunt retir'd,  
Sweeping thy pinions by the pebbly spring,  
Rising aloft like holy thought inspir'd,  
Music was with thee on the rushing wing.

Far on thy pleasant way,  
Where the wood violet dwells,  
Where the moist dews have made the fairy bells  
And rippling waters sound;  
Where the wild bee hath stor'd her secret cells,  
And by thy side the antler'd strangers bound;  
There, like the tender Psyche, fondly stray  
Thy children, ling'ring o'er the haunted ground.

Alas for them, those pilgrims of the lyre,  
More desolate than Love's devoted bride,  
She gain'd her home by his immortal side.  
But, for the child of Song,  
Where is the rushing fount of his desire?  
The burning lamp that lures his footsteps far  
Is but a wand'ring star;  
And the high impulse passionate and strong,  
Insatiate as the grave,  
Teaches the heart on its own sweets to prey,  
'Till, with departing life, the power decay.

Autumn is fleeting by,  
With purple bells and crimson poppies wave,  
And thou, sweet spirit, once again art nigh,  
Breathing sad music o'er the fallen leaves;  
Or where, like banded brothers nobly slain,  
Scatter'd on earth, lie thick the golden sheaves,  
O'er many a hill and plain.

When the rich grape's dark stain,  
Blessing the peasant's toil,  
Flows far and free beneath a southern sky,  
Spread thou the beck'ning hand, immortal Poesy!  
And lead thy child through that enchanted land,  
Where song lies hid like flow'rs within the soil.

Oh! to be there with thee,  
Beneath the sunny Heavens that brightly smile,  
To love the very earth, whose plainest stone  
Hath legends writ that shame the marble pile;  
To dream where mighty genius feebly lies,  
And from the classic ground that is thine own,  
Say to the dust of ages past, arise—  
Alas, I stand alone.

Unfetter'd Song, beside thine altar stair,  
Thy girl is unbound;  
And swift as fleeing thought through empty air,  
Fades the created light so rarely found.

Spirit be lov'd! I know thy place of rest,  
It is not where the rippling waters play,  
Where bright fawns bound or summer leaves decay.  
Nor in those sunny vales that train the vine;  
Not where rich treasures sleep,  
Far in the boundless deep,  
Nor where the dark boughs twine.  
No, dearer far to thee, and doubly blest,  
Thine own unsullied home the Minstrel's breast.

The light thy presence flings  
Is like the prophet's mantle round us cast,  
And o'erflowing heart, whose silver springs  
Will drain their fount at last,  
Bears to that native heav'n from whence it sprung,  
The happy Angel's gift, a tuneful tongue."

MARTIN.

## VARIETIES.

**Society of Bookbinders.**—A meeting was held in Museum Street, on Monday evening, by the Society of Bookbinders, with a view of bringing into more general use and notice the ancient binding and embellishment of the covers of books. Numerous specimens of the ancient binders' genius were exhibited; they were most interesting, ranging from the 12th to the 18th century, when the art began rapidly to decline, but was in a great measure restored by Roger Payne, in the year 1790, since which time, it appears from a few remarks by one of the members during the evening, the art has gradually declined; it was also stated that for the most clever designs and elaborate workmanship, the payment was discouragingly small.

**Public Health Bill.**—Lord Morpeth's lucid speech on this measure, in the House of Commons, has been published by J. Ridgway (pp. 37), and well deserves the attention of the community at large, for all are deeply interested in the questions it discusses.

**Mr. Vernon's Pictures.**—There is no truth in the report that this noble gift to the Nation is to be deposited, *pro tem.*, or at all, in Denew's Auction Rooms.

**The Marquis of Northampton's Anniversary Address** to the Royal Society, 30th November, 1847, has been published at the request of the Fellows. It is an interesting document. £2,000 have been invested in the public funds. Dr. Roget noticed the turmoil in which his secretarial duties had involved him, and now, when squalls were over, resigned his trust. The deaths of the Duke of Northumberland; Mr. Nicholas Carlisle; Dr. Dealtry; Sir E. Hyde East; Mr. Macvey Napier; the Rev. Mr. John Hailstone; the Rev. Dr. W. Pearson; Professor Mac Culagh; and A. Brongniart, who deceased within the past year, were noticed with brief and appropriate memoirs.

**The Messrs. Harper's** (of New York) Illustrated Catalogue, has been duly received; and we are glad to see such a list of wholesome and valuable literature in circulation on the other side of the Atlantic. Messrs. Harper's own issues are very numerous, their Family Library alone amounting to 187 volumes. The woodcuts are characteristic, but belong rather to the cheap class of production than to the heights of that art. Altogether the catalogue affords a favourable idea of American publishing and bookselling enterprises, and we have only to hope that honest international arrangements may make their abundance fairly profitable to the authors, both in the old world and the new.

**Mr. Thomas Cubitt.**—A Committee of the Builder's Society have opened a subscription, and already received above £300, to present a token of their esteem and respect for the above extensive builder, whose skill and integrity, and happy efforts to maintain a good feeling among masters and workmen, have done so much towards raising the building art to a high standard. Mr. Cubitt's portrait, and an engraving for every subscriber, are the means proposed for effecting this object, alike honourable to all parties.

**The University College, London,** has had £5,000 presented to it, *anonymously*. It is to form a fund at the disposal of the council, and the only condition is, that it shall be called "The Andrews' Fund." Much do the council wish that there were in the world more such *merry Andrews*.

**Effects of the French Revolution.**—Among the immediate effects of the French Revolution, the vast amount of property thrown into the market by persons anxious to realize what they can, and get away from the dangers they apprehend, is not the least important. Among the rest, we hear of some valuable Libraries already on their way from France to England, for sale. To judge from Regent-street, and the adjoining thoroughfares, our London exports, in return, must have consisted of a considerable proportion of the "Foreign gents" who were, lately, as plentiful as blackberries in these promenades and purlieus.

**Masquerades.**—Some of the ill-informed newspapers assert that a masquerade is in preparation to be brought out at the Astor Place Opera House. We doubt this very much. Masquerades are illegal in this State, and those who get them up are subject to a fine of one thousand dollars for each offence. Fifteen or twenty years ago, a mania for masquerading broke out in New York, and they were given in every public-house in the city, down to the lowest grog-shop on the Five Points. The Legislature took the matter in hand, and passed a law prohibiting them for ever in New York. No public place of amusement can legally bring forth a masquerade. Private masquerades, however, are legal, and may be got up in private houses, and the only way in which one could be produced at the Astor Place Opera, would be in the nature of a private masquerade. The subscribers to the opera might get up a masquerade among themselves, and invite their particular friends to it; and, in this way, they might evade the law, and

amuse themselves, by making it a private affair throughout. In no other way could a masquerade be brought out at the Astor Place Opera House.—*New York Paper.*

**Nursery Rhymes.**—A Correspondent writes, "I have heard my father say that when he was a child, he and some children were in the habit of listening at the window of a good dame who repeated her devotions aloud after retiring to rest. Thomas, Matthew, Mark, &c., was one, as well as the following curious and mysterious lines, whose meaning is certainly worth investigation:

"Little, pretty, go afore,  
If I'm pretty, might be more,  
If I'm pretty, might be strong,  
Pray, God keep me, all night long."

**The Property and Income Tax,** one of our varieties, was abolished this day, March 18th, thirty-two years ago.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Agamemnon of Æschylus, with English verse translation, Notes by J. Conington, 8vo, 7s. 6d.  
Antigone of Sophocles, Greek and English, Notes by J. W. Donaldson, 8vo, 9s.  
Baldwin's (Rev. A. C.) Pulpit Themes, new edit. 12mo, 2s.  
Bethune's (J. E. D.) Specimens of German and Swedish Poetry, 8vo, cloth, 12s.  
Blanch's (Louis) History of Ten Years, 1830 to 1840, 2 vols, 8vo, cloth, 26s.  
Bohn's Standard Library; Lamartine's Girondists, vol. 3. 3s. 6d.  
Book of Trades, new edition, square, cloth, 4s. 6d.  
Christianity of Abraham, 12mo, cloth, 7s.  
Cooper's (J. F.) Captain Spike; or The Islets of the Gulph, 3 vols, 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.  
Emily Vernon; or Self Sacrifice, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Enthusiasm, not Religion, by late M. A. C., 12mo, cloth, 5s.  
Female Visitor to the Poor, Illustrated, 4s. 6d.  
Foster's Lectures at Broadmead, 1st. series, 3rd. edition, fcap, cloth, 6s.  
Hick's (W. F.) Church of England Protestant Manual of Family Devotion, post 8vo, cloth, 6s.  
Histoire de France, par Rochet Chasles, 2 vols. 8vo, cl. 15s.  
History of Europe, from Encey. Met. 4to, cloth, 4s.  
Hoare's (Rev. W. W.) Christian Glory, 6s.  
James's (J. A.) Family Monitor, 9th. edition, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.  
Keeble's Sermons, 2nd edition, 8vo, cloth, 12s.  
Kenney's (E. C.) Lunatic Asylums, 8s. 6d.  
London and Provincial General Assurance Directory, 1848, 2s.  
Malan's Catalogue of the Eggs of British Birds, 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.  
Nash's (Rev. F. H.) Scripture Idea of Faith, 12mo, cl. 4s.  
Newman's (Rev. W. A.) Gospel of Christ, the Power of God, fcap, cloth, 4s.  
Noctes Dominicæ; or Sunday Night Readings, cloth, 15s.  
Peile's (Dr. T. W.) Annotations to Paul's 1st. Corinthians, cloth, 7s.  
Peiper's (W.) German Grammar, 12mo, boards, 5s. 6d.  
Railway Appliances in 19th Century, 12mo, cloth, 4s.  
Ravensley's (Rev. R. D. B.) Village Sermons, 12mo, cl. 6s.  
Ruff's Guide to Turf, (Spring edition, 1848), cloth, 2s. 6d. (tuck, 3s. 6d.).  
Sharpe's (E.) Architectural Parables, folio, half morocco, £13 13s., lp. £16 10s.  
Stephen's (H.) Manual of Practical Draining 3rd edition, 8vo, cloth, 5s.  
Taylor's Notes from Life, 2nd edition, post 8vo, cloth, 6s.  
Webb's (Mrs. J. B.) Beloved Disciple, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.  
" " Naomi, 12mo, new edition, cl. 7s. 6d.  
" (Rev. B.) Sketches of Continental Ecclesiology, 8vo, cloth, 16s.

## BENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1848.	h. m. s.	1848.	h. m. s.
Mar. 18 . . .	12 8 8-6	Mar. 22 . . .	13 6 55-8
19 . . .	7 50-6	23 . . .	6 37-3
20 . . .	7 32-4	24 . . .	6 18-8
21 . . .	7 14-2		

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Henry W. Haynes. The line, "Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps the selle" (saddle), was proposed some years ago.

Sarah Anne's compositions are yet too immature for publication.

The conclusions of the Reviews of Australia and Angling in Canada, in our next.

We are compelled to omit some of our dramatic criticisms till next week.

ERRATUM.—In the lines "The Dawn of Love," in our last, p. 1180, col. 3, l. 12, for *shed*, read *sheds*.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## MISCELLANEOUS.



## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER MAJESTY AND  
H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

**THE QUEEN** having graciously sanctioned a Night's Performance at Her Majesty's Theatre, for the BENEFIT of the DISTRESSED ARTIZANS of the Metropolis, A GRAND NIGHT will be given on **THURSDAY NEXT, MARCH the 23rd.** A list of the Patrons, and full details of the entertainments on this occasion, will be published forthwith.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be made at the Box Office of the Theatre. Doors open at seven, and the Opera will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,  
COVENT GARDEN.

ON **TUESDAY NEXT, MARCH 21st**, will be performed, for the first time this season, **DOMIZETTI'S OPERA**

## "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR."

*Lucia*, Madame Persiani; *Alisa*, Madame Bellini; *Enrico*, Signor Corradi; *Setti* (from La Scala at Milan, and San Carlo at Naples), his first appearance in England; *Raimondo*, Sig. Polonini; *Arturo*, Signor Saldi (from La Scala), his first appearance in England; *Edgardo*, Signor Faglieri (his first appearance in England).

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. Costa. To conclude with (for the fifth time) the New Ballet in one Act, and Three Tableaux, entitled,

## "LA REINE DES FEUX-FOLLETS."

The principal characters by Mlle. Flora Fabry; Mlle. Leopoldine Bruni (premiere danseuse at the Imperial Theatre at Vienna); Mlle. Celeste Stephan; Mlle. O'Brien; M. Silvani, and M. Brevin. The Ballets composed by M. Appiant.

The Scenery by Messrs. Grievé and Telbin. Admission to the Theatre, 8s.; to the new Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.; to the new Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s.

The Opera will commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes for the night or season, to be obtained at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open from Eleven till Five o'clock, and of the principal Libraries and Music-sellers.

**GRISI as NORMA**, Jenny Lind in the character of the Filia del Regimento, Edward the Sixth, the benevolent Pope Pius IX., Henry VII., and James I., the Heroes Hardinge and Gough, the whole in new and magnificent dresses, got up for the present season. Open from 11 till dusk, and from 7 till 10 at night. Admission is 1s. Napoleon Room, Madame TURSAUD and ROSS, Bazaar, Roker Street. "This is one of the best exhibitions in the metropolis."—*The Times*.

**PANORAMA OF VIENNA**.—Just opened, at the Panorama Royal, Leicester Square, a VIEW of VIENNA, the capital of Austria, with its splendid palaces, cathedral, convents, the glacial, and beautiful adorned gardens, the rivers Danube and W. en, and the verdant picturesque heights of the surrounding country, extending to Hungary. The Views of the Himalaya Mountains, with the Plains of Hindostan, and of the classic City of Athens, are also now open.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.

**NOTICE TO ARTISTS**.—All Works of Painting, Sculpture, or Architecture, intended for the ensuing EXHIBITION at the ROYAL ACADEMY, must be sent in on Monday, the 3rd, or by six o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, the 4th of April next, after which time no work can possibly be received, nor can any works be received which have already been publicly exhibited.

The other Requisitions necessary to be observed may be obtained at the Royal Academy.

JOHN PRESOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

Every possible care will be taken of works sent for Exhibition, but the Royal Academy will not hold itself accountable in any case of injury or loss, nor can it undertake to pay the carriage of any package which may be forwarded by Carriers.

The prices of works to be disposed of may be communicated to the Secretary.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily from ten till five.

Admission is. Catalogue is.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

## THE FREE EXHIBITION OF SELECT

SPECIMENS OF RECENT BRITISH MANUFACTURES is now open at the HOUSE of the SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT of ARTS and MANUFACTURES, John Street, Adelphi, every day except Saturday, from Ten o'clock to Four. Tickets of Admission are obtained of all members, and also by the following: Cannon, 12, Old Bond Street; Colnaghi, 12, Pall Mall East; Claudet, 14, King William Street, Strand; Mortlock, 230, Oxford Street; Tennant, Strand; Phillips, 388, Oxford Street; Mortlock, 18, Regent Street; Fenton, 70, Strand; Hestley, 80, Soho Square; Deane and Co., London Bridge; Ackermann and Co., Strand; Greenhill and Sons, 148, Strand.

NOTE.—For the public convenience tickets will be dispensed with on Saturdays, and the admission will be by payment of 1s. each person.

## ARGUS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

35, Throgmorton Street, Bank.

Empowered by special Act of Parliament, 5 & 6 Will. 4, c. 78.

THOMAS PARKER, Esq., Alderman, Chairman.

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Burgess.—W. Coulson, Esq., 2 Frederick's Place, Old Jewry.

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Low Rates of Premiums.

Persons assuring in this Office have the benefit of the lowest rate of premium which is compatible with the safety of the Assured, and which is, in effect, equivalent to an annual bonus. They are likewise the security of a large subscribed capital—an Assurance Fund of a quarter of a million, and an annual income of £25,000, arising from the issue of nearly 6000 Policies.

Annual Premium to assure £100.

Age.	For One Year.	For Seven Years.	Whole Term.
20	40 17 3	40 19 1	£1 11 10
30	1 1 0	1 6 9	2 14 10
40	1 14 1	1 19 10	4 0 11
50	8 3 4	8 7 0	6 0 10

One-half of the "whole term" premium may remain on credit for seven years, or one-third of the premium may remain for life as a debt upon the policy at 5 per cent., or may be paid off at any time without notice.

Policies assigned as a security to others will not be rendered void by consequence of death or of dwelling or by the hands of justice. In case of death by the above causes, where the Policies are not assigned, the gross amount of Premiums received will be returned.

Claims paid in one month after proof has been approved.

The Medical Officers attend daily at a quarter before two o'clock, and Policies issued the same day.

EDWARD BATES, Resident Director.

A liberal commission to Solicitors and Agents.

## UNITED KINGDOM LIFE ASSURANCE

COMPANY.—3, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, London; 97, George-street, Edinburgh; 15, St. Vincent-place, Glasgow; 4, College-green, Dublin. Established by Act of Parliament in 1834.

IN 1841 the Company added a bonus of 2 per cent.

on the sum assured to all policies of the participating class from the time they were effected. When the insurance is for life, only one-half the annual premium need be paid for the first five years. Every information will be afforded on application to the Resident Director, 3, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, London, where all prospectuses, &c., may be had.

## REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE

CLERICAL, MEDICAL, AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY. Presented at the Annual General Meeting, held at the Society's Office, on Thursday, March 2nd, 1848.

Having, at the Meeting held in January 1847, presented to the Proprietors and Assured a very full account of the Society's affairs, your Directors have but little to communicate on the present occasion.

It may, however, be satisfactory to those now assembled, to learn that, notwithstanding the increased and active competition arising from the yearly establishment of many new Life Assurance Offices, the business of this Society still continues to advance.

In proof of this, it will be sufficient to state the following facts:—

I. The number of Policies granted on the Lives of Clergymen, a class of Persons generally distinguished for long-vitality, has been greater during the year ending June 30th last (the period comprehended in this Report) than in any one year since the commencement of the Society.

II. The Society's Income, which was £116,282 in the year ending June 30th, 1848, amounted to £122,908 in the year ending June 30th, 1847.

III. The number of new Policies issued within the year has been 512, and the amount Assured thereby £287,079; being an increase, both in the number of Policies and in the sum Assured, over those of any preceding year.

In conclusion, the Directors are happy to inform the Proprietors that the Society has not in any degree suffered from the great mortality which has prevailed of late throughout the Kingdom, the Claims, both in the course of the year ending June 30th, 1847, and also within the six months ending with December last, not having equalled either in number or amount those of any preceding year.

Tables of Rates, and Forms of Proposal can be obtained (free of expense) of any of the Society's Agents, or by addressing a letter to

GEO. H. PINCKARD, ACTUARY,

Office, No. 99, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London.

## LAW LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE,

FLEET-STREET, next St. DUNSTON'S CHURCH, 13th March, 1848.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the books for transferring Shares in this Society will be open on Thursday, the 23rd inst., and will be re-opened on Thursday, the 6th of April next.

The Dividends for the year 1847 will be payable on Thursday, the 6th of April next, any subsequent day (Tuesdays excepted) between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock.

By Order of the Directors,

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